

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1918.

NINEPENCE.



A POET'S WIFE WHO DISGUISED HERSELF AS A SOLDIER TO FIND HIM (MORTALLY WOUNDED)
ON THE BATTLEFIELD: MADAME SIMONE ANDRÉ PUGET.

Mme. Puget is the widow of the well-known French poet, who fell in a bayonet charge at Neuville St. Vaast. Not having heard from him for a long time, she disguised herself in a British uniform, cutting off her hair, and went in search of him. After many adventures and some hardships, she found him mortally wounded, and he died soon afterwards.

Mme. Puget, who used to collaborate with him in plays, stories, and poems, has been lecturing in the chief cities of the United States on French authors killed in the war. She has been an ardent war-charity worker in New York, where the above photograph was taken at her booth in "Hero Land."—[Photograph by Count J. de Strelecki.]



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

AN OPEN LETTER
TO THE CHEERFUL MUDDLER.

SIR,—You are a man of the day. Before the war, few people in these islands had heard of your existence. You had money, no doubt; you had influence, perhaps; but you had not the brains, the energy, the initiative, or the imagination to stand head and shoulders above a beetle.

The war was your chance. What meant death to millions, misery to millions, ruin to millions, has meant nothing but self-glorification to you. In times of war, adventurers and mountebanks come to their own. You shouted aloud from your little dunghill, "I am the man for this job!" Your friends and relations also shouted, "He is the man for this job!" And a flurried and worried Ministry, having a large number of jobs to fill and little time or genius for discovering the right people to fill them, took you at your word.

And now, Sir, look at the result. You know, and the public knows to its awful cost, that you are nothing but a humbugging muddler. You can talk—Help! How you can talk!—but you cannot do. You never had the gift of clear and rapid thinking; you are not likely to acquire it now. You never had the gift of organisation; you are not likely to acquire it now. You never had the gift of imagination, without which a man can never wield successfully the power that you have sought and grasped; you will never have it.

What lies ahead of you? Muddle, and more muddle, and still more muddle. Nothing can ever get you out of the muddle you have created all around you. Speeches will not do it; photographs in the illustrated papers will not do it; the flatteries of your silly friends will not do it; luncheons at restaurants and dinners at the houses of the mighty will not do it. Nothing will do it.

How long do you suppose the public will stand the results of your muddle? How long do you suppose it will be before the people drag you from your little cardboard throne and wreak vengeance for their sufferings upon your miserable person? Do you flatter yourself that the arrogant fool who misuses a position of trust escapes scot free?

No, Sir—not even in war-time. Much may be done with impunity in war-time. The majority of men are in uniform; their hands are tied; you can take advantage of that to treat them with scorn. Many other men are overworked; their hands are tied. But the day will come when the necessity for your removal overrides all other necessities. That will be a terrible day for you.

Let me earnestly advise you, therefore, to GET OUT whilst there is yet time. Get out, Sir, and make way for a man with the qualities that you and your friends know that you lack. If you will not study the public, study your own skin and—*vanish!* That is the sincere advice of one who can feel even for a jackanapes in office.

That Small Island.

Two officers have advertised for a small island, to be purchased cheap after the war, where the sun always shines. Others of us, I think, are looking forward to that small island—after the war. The war must be finished, and well finished; but what then?

We have heard a tremendous lot about "civilisation." After all, what has civilisation done for the world? Has it prevented the strong from bullying the weak? Has it prevented tyranny? Has it taught the bulk of "civilised" people to care for art in their theatres, art in their picture-galleries, art in their concert-rooms? Not a whit!

When the war is over, then, and the Hun has been taught to behave with a modicum of decency, what is going to happen? Are we all going to set to work to restore the old condition of things? Are we all going to labour that a few may have wealth which they can never use or enjoy? Are we going to rebuild the old temples of Snobbery, Social Ambition, Sycophancy, Ugliness, Raucousness?

I don't know what other men may feel about it, but that small island seems uncommonly good to me. A small island where the sun always shines! Is there such an island? If there is, I should not be afraid of the price. The general has no use for small islands. It wants to see and be seen — especially the latter.

A Second Loot cannot save much, but I start to-day.



PANTOMIME FAVOURITES: THE SISTERS LORNA AND TOOTS POUNDS.

Miss Lorna Pounds is playing Dick with much success in Mr. Charles Gulliver's pantomime, "Dick Whittington." Miss Toots Pounds, her sister, is also very popular as Alice, in the same production. The sisters are well known as Lorna and Toots Pounds, Palladium favourites.—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



"Tremendously Exciting."

"It is a tremendously exciting thing to be a girl to-day. She has no idea what she is going to be, or what service she is going to give to the world. She may be a better writer than George Eliot, a better poetess than Mrs. Browning, or a greater scientist than Mme. Curie.

Every girl's life should be a great adventure to-day."

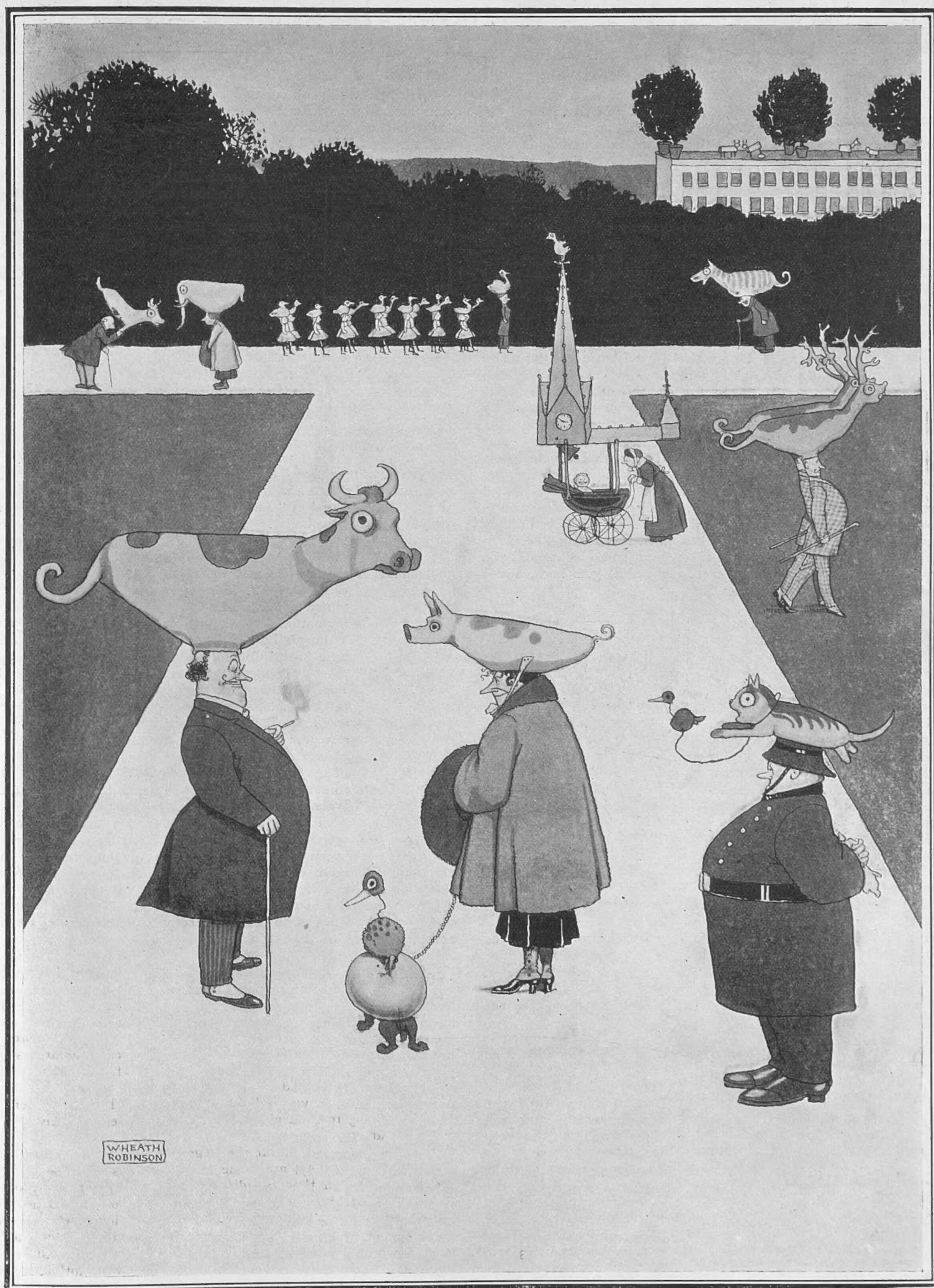
Thus a certain young lady at Putney. "It is a tremendously exciting thing to be a girl to-day." How nice! All the jolly fun of the war, so to speak.

"She has no idea what she is going to be." A certain number of them, presumably, are going to be mothers. In the meantime, as a result of all this splendid excitement, a great many of them have no idea what they are doing, or are about to do next.

"She may be a better writer than George Eliot." How? Why? By reading? Perish the thought! By thinking? What a bore! By educating herself? Out upon you, killjoy! She will just take pen in hand, of course, and her noble ideas will clothe themselves in exquisite language. After all, why not? If George Eliot could do it, who had no vote, why not any emancipated young woman who has strolled about the streets in breeches?

All must be done with a rush. Away with care and labour! The new young woman will take one splendid bound, and land herself at the summit of the dizziest pinnacle.

CAT - MOO - FLAGE !



AN INTELLIGENT USE OF CAMOUFLAGE FOR EXPOSED POSITIONS IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



Comrades of the Great War.

This is a democratic organisation intended to perpetuate the comradeship of the Trench, the Crater, the Desert, and the Sea—its direct object is to promote the welfare and safeguard the interests in post-war times of our five million fighting men. It has the support of our most influential statesmen, including the Duke of Connaught, Lord Derby, Sir Eric Geddes, Colonel Sir J. Norton Griffiths, D.S.O., and many others. There are already about 150,000 disabled or discharged men who have become members, and the number is increasing daily.



FORMERLY RUNNING A CANTEEN AT ETAPLES: LADY AN GELA FORBES.

Photograph by Sareny.

Society women, with that of Sargent. Lady Maud's eldest son is in Petrograd, where he went to learn Russian. He is an exceedingly clever young officer, and, I hear, has mastered Russian—an exceedingly difficult language—in a very short space of time. His impressions of Russia will be interesting when he gets back, and I hope he will write something about them.

The Fortune-of-War Dinner.

Lady Maud Warrender has promised to sing at the Fortune-of-War Dinner, to be held at the Lyceum Club on Feb. 11, with Miss Jessie Dunbar in the chair. A number of convalescent officers will be among the guests of honour, who include Lady Cynthia Colville, Baroness Percy de Worms, Admiral Fremantle, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, Ambrose McEvoy, Lieutenant J. Innes Ker Ballantyne, and Lieutenant Latham (who, with a group of brother-officers, founded the Fortune-of-War Cafés, which are manned by disabled sailors and soldiers.) By the way, Lady Maud Warrender is organising a concert which will be given at Wigmore Hall on March 16 in aid of the National Milk Hostels, and it is to be a really good concert, such as music-lovers wish for, but do not always get, as the organiser is a true musician.



BANG WENT 566,870,400 SAXPENCES! THE "STIFF-NECKED GLASGOW BEGGARS" RELAX THEIR PURSE-STRINGS FOR TANK BANK WAR BONDS!

The *Evening News* says: "Glasgow has far outdistanced every other city in the Kingdom—London included. . . . Glasgow subscribed £14,171,760 as compared with £3,423,264 raised in London." Where there's a Weir there's a way!

An Interesting Trio.

I saw Lady Maud Warrender's pretty daughter Violet, in her V.A.D. uniform, in Great Cumberland Place. Unlike her dark-haired mother, she is sunny-haired, but inherits her mother's blue eyes. She is one of the prettiest girls I have seen for many a day, and is much liked at her hospital, where she works with a will. By the way, Lady Maud owns a portrait of her pretty daughter done by Clare Atwood which is a very clever and pleasing bit of work. Lady Maud is herself to be painted by the same artist. It will be interesting to compare her impression of one of our most beautiful



The Butcher "Hi! Your dog's run off with 3 lb. of meat." The Cheery One: "Isn't he splendid? He's making 3 lb. go as far as 5 lb. did!"

Lady Joan Legge's Advice.

If we had all kept rabbits, as Lady Joan Legge advised over a year ago, there would not be such long queues at the butchers'. Now quite a number of people who regarded rabbits coldly, and a distant relation of Pussy-sit-by-the-fire, have decided to study natural history first-hand, and keep rabbits or Belgian hares. I have heard of one family being reared in a conservatory. Pretty Violet Campbell, who is in "The Yellow Ticket"

—and, incidentally, everything that is good—met me in Bond Street, and looked so serious that I inquired what was the matter. She said she had been looking up files—newspaper ones—trying to find out about rabbits and poultry. She did not know where she would keep them in her flat, but she was seeking advice from Lady Joan Legge and Lady Denman. She had remembered their articles quite well—all but the technical bits, and now had a thirst for them.



THE NEW STAGE DIRECTOR OF THE GAIETY: MR. BENRIMO, PART AUTHOR OF "THE WILLOW TREE."

Photograph by Moffat.

Dances Without Music. Margaret Morris has lent her theatre in Flood Street to the Clarissa

Club, whose first performance for the season took place on Sunday, Jan. 20, the second on the 27th; the last will be on Feb. 3. The show, delightfully original and artistic, consists of Hester Sainsbury's poems mimed and danced, without music, by herself; beautiful Kathleen Dillon, whose portrait by Augustus John was reproduced in *The Sketch* the other day; and Jean Varda, who made such a success at the Ambassadors' in "La Pomme d'Or," the Italian Renaissance ballet.

Charm and Capability. Probably there are few more charming or brilliant women to be met in London today than Dr. Marion Phillips, whom we are all glad to find appointed to represent the Women's Labour League on the Consumers' Council which is to act in collaboration with the Food Ministry on the problem of the day. A lengthy study of social problems, coupled with a sane and balanced judgment and a capacity for facing facts, should assure the success of Dr. Phillips in her new rôle. That she will do sound work of the type of which the nation has need is the belief of her many friends, whose hearty good wishes she carries with her into her new sphere of activity. In any case, her quiet and reposeful manner and her knack of convincing any and every interlocutor that she is on all occasions informed and inspired by sweet reasonableness, should stand her in good stead when, as must inevitably happen, she has to deal with complaints concerning the non-accomplishment of the impossible.

Congratulations All Round.

Congratulations to Cynthia Stockley—not on a new novel this time, but because her husband, Major Harry Pelham-Brown, has just been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in France. The authoress's young daughter was married on the last day of the old year to Major Oakley, D.S.O., so they have their share of decorations in this war.

Serving. The social topsy-turvyness of life which has prevailed in England practically since the war began is now beginning to be apparent in America. The Governor of Nebraska—the State in which lives the famous ex-Pacifist and Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan—has resigned his office to become Colonel in the Seventh Regiment Nebraska National Guard, now Federal. And Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt



"IT'S THE BEST BUTTER," SAID THE MARCH HARE WEEKLY.
"It was stated at a meeting of Islington Guardians that the Metropolitan Asylums Board hold a valuable recipe for making a butter substitute."—*Evening News*.

jun. is head waitress in an hotel for officers in Paris—a good one, too, I'll wager.

Straw Shows How the Wind Blows. I have seen some early-spring millinery trimmed amusingly with carpet-grown flowers. I don't suppose that the blooms were actually cut out of a carpet, but they looked uncommonly like it! The effect, as a matter of fact, is obtainable by tapestry-work in bright wool on silver tissue. The flowers are afterwards cut open, and the wool pile stands up, with here and there a gleam of silver where the background shows. On a dark straw the decoration is rather a happy one.



The Optimist: "Then I suppose the only thing to do is to laugh and grow fat."

by naming the fifty-six ambulances on the Italian front, have inaugurated a pretty custom which is raising money for one hundred ambulances already purchased after song-writers of Italy and America. One ambulance is named for Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner"—an Englishman, by the way, and the song was written in England, as few people are aware. Another is named for Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung on April 20 last at the Anglo-American service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Rouget de Lisle, author of "La Marseillaise," is also honoured; as is Mameli, who wrote the popular Italian hymn, "Fratelli d'Italia." Twenty American poets, men and women, are represented; and heroes of the present war: King Albert of Belgium, Marshal Joffre, Edith Cavell, Rupert Brooke, and Alan Seeger, the young American poet, for whom two ambulances are named. Others are named for President Wilson, President Lincoln, J. P. Morgan. The English poets identified with Italy—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Browning—Dante, Mazzini, General Cadorna, Garibaldi, and Salvini, Cardinal Mercier, Jeanne d'Arc, Kitchener, and Edgar Allan Poe will also be commemorated.

The Calf and the Kid.

buy high-legged boots—after which the authorities will have the

Feb. 1 is the last day in which we can stop to them Q's 'angin' about."

THE P.C. MINDS HIS Q'S.
Robert (soliloquising): "Time I put a stop to them Q's 'angin' about."

literally speaking. Eight inches of cloth and seven inches of kid are allowed us—not an inch more. If only spring would come, we might all wear sandals à la Isadora Duncan, and save still more on leather.

Brightoning Them Up.

I hear the Duchess of Marlborough is missed at Brighton. She was down there for some time, and used to visit the hospitals. By the way, the Tommies there have quite a pleasant time. Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, Lady Forbes Robertson, Mrs. O'Malley, Nelson Keys, and Alex. S. Scott-Gatty—son of the Garter Principal King-of-Arms, Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty—all entertain them, and Mr. Scott-Gatty's stories, I hear, have a great vogue. Tommies on the front at Brighton repeat them to visitors with great gusto. Some beautiful photographs of the beautiful Maxine Elliott have been brought over by her brother-in-law, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. She looks not a day older than twenty-five, someone who has seen them tells me.



A GUIDE OF GIRL GUIDES: LADY MASSIE BLOMFIELD.

Lady Massie Blomfield, wife of Rear-Admiral Blomfield, is Commissioner of a Division of Girl Guides numbering 2000. She has been an active promoter of the Navy League, on the Women's Executive, and for 28 years did much public service in Egypt. Photograph by Vandyk.



A YOUNG BELGIAN TENOR OF WHOM MUCH IS EXPECTED: M. GABRIEL CHAMLYS.

M. Chamlys (discharged from the Belgian Army) has a fine tenor voice, trained by the well-known Paris teacher, M. Frederic B. de Courcy. He arranged to sing at the West End Cinema on January 29 at Mr. Sexton's concert for the Motor Volunteer Transport.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Child's Lights for Grown-Ups. The ingenious wide field in which to display his resourcefulness in economy. I was amused the other day to see Child's lights at Murray's (of all places!) burning in square coloured-glass receptacles. Neat little heaps of spills of parchment-like paper repose by the night-lights. This is how Murray's manage match economy.

Christening Ambulances.

The American Poets' Committee, which is raising money for one hundred ambulances on the Italian front, have inaugurated a pretty custom which is raising money for one hundred ambulances already purchased after song-writers of Italy and America. One ambulance is named for Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner"—an Englishman, by the way, and the song was written in England, as few people are aware. Another is named for Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung on April 20 last at the Anglo-American service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Rouget de Lisle, author of "La Marseillaise," is also honoured; as is Mameli, who wrote the popular Italian hymn, "Fratelli d'Italia." Twenty American poets, men and women, are represented; and heroes of the present war: King Albert of Belgium, Marshal Joffre, Edith Cavell, Rupert Brooke, and Alan Seeger, the young American poet, for whom two ambulances are named. Others are named for President Wilson, President Lincoln, J. P. Morgan. The English poets identified with Italy—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Browning—Dante, Mazzini, General Cadorna, Garibaldi, and Salvini, Cardinal Mercier, Jeanne d'Arc, Kitchener, and Edgar Allan Poe will also be commemorated.



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Workers with Ideas. You have heard of Lady Sclater's work-rooms. Her helpers are people with ideas. They gave a tea-dance recently to help buy materials for the workrooms. It was great fun. The refreshments were provided by the workers, and were excellent. Mrs. Godman lent her house in Pont Street. I hope there will be other tea-dances in the cause of charity and young men and maidens. Other workers, please copy.

Psychology and Comparative Religions.

It was a lively meeting of the Victoria Institute at Central Buildings on Jan. 21, when the Rev. Canon James Hannay "George Birmingham," novelist and playwright gave his second lecture on "The Church and the Army." Unfortunately, he read it from a printed pamphlet, not once looking at his large audience, so we did not get the magnetic current which this witty Irishman must be able to turn on if he wishes. After he had finished, a bombardment of objections was launched at him, so that the venerable President, the Earl of Halsbury (young at ninety-two), blinked at the "cussion," percussion and repercussion!

Hand-grenades were flung by Non-conformists into the Church of England camp, a good word was spoken for the hold of the Roman Catholic Church upon our Tommies, another good word for the "conchies" by Captain McNaughton (in khaki), and several kind words about the convictions of Non-conformists. Feeling ran high. It was an instructive, highly interesting occasion, useful to the student of psychology and comparative religions.

The Gallant 1st Kitchener.

The name among the wounded, in a recent Roll of Honour, of Captain the Hon. Walter Lindsay, recalls what we are not likely to forget—the splendid record of the 1st Kitchener Army. Captain Lindsay, who is a brother of Earl Crawford, was one of those who volunteered the moment war was declared; but, as he was over forty, his services were declined. The day the age-limit was raised he went to Whitehall and enlisted, and for three months he served as a private in the Middlesex Regiment. He had been promoted to corporal before he was discovered and raised to Captain, and then followed a long period in the trenches at a lively part of the Western Front. A winter there—one of those terrible winters that find out the weak spots in everyone—led to a dangerous illness due to exposure; but, after a long convalescence in Egypt, he had sufficiently recovered to return to active service, and it was in the advance on Palestine that he was wounded. The thought of severe illnesses, very often incurable, contracted in this way, sets the mind furiously to think.



A "DOUGH NUT" EXPRESSION? MR. GEORGE ROBEY OPERATES THE BREAD-MACHINE AT THE WATERLOO BUFFET.

Mr. Robey is getting up a concert for the Waterloo Station Free Buffet, at the Coliseum, on Sunday (February 3). He will then sell Sir Arthur Pinero's account of the buffet and Mr. Bert Thomas's drawing for the programme cover.

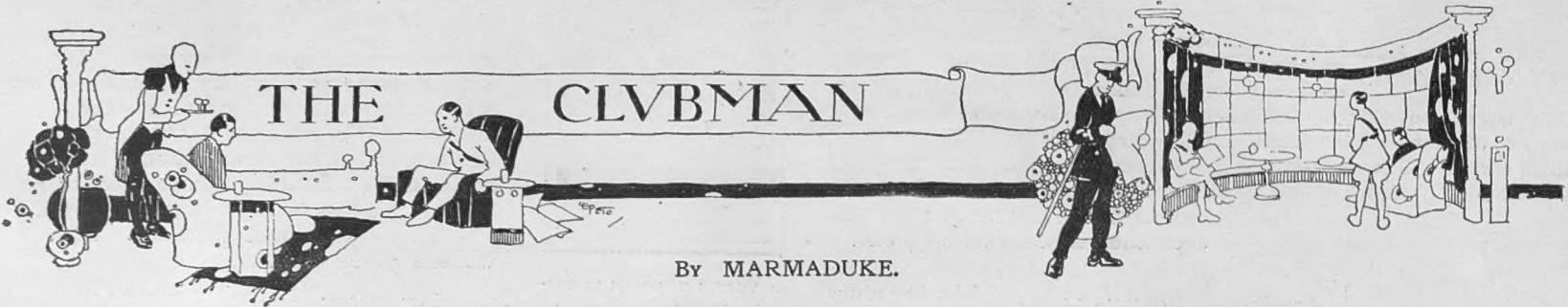
Photograph by Sport and General.

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"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT!"
TRIALS OF A MODERN HAMLET.



By MARMADUKE.

THE three "S's" of political opinion in England are the "man-in-Society," "man-in-the-street," and "man-in-the-slums"; the satisfying of the just requirements of each without loss of confidence of either is the test of good statesmanship. There prevails the impression at the moment that "Society" is a national misfortune—to "Class" aspirations in Germany and Austria, for instance, is attributed the world-wide catastrophe. The impression is not altogether incorrect, for the influence at the command of "Society" is occasionally misused, and the example it affords is not infrequently mischievous.

There is "grit," however, in the much-abused institution; the majority of the young and middle-aged men of "Society," renouncing every luxury and comfort immediately, hurried to the front, earning there distinction without favour, enduring hardships and privations without complaint, facing death with unconcern, and, in thousands, laying down life itself for the country! Hyde Park and Heroism are not commonly associated in the public mind; but many an incident would connect them closely were it generally known.

A—B—, the younger son of a Peer, inherited at the death of his father a fortune of some thirty thousand pounds, with which capital he contrived to live for over twenty years as a "man-about-town," belonging to the best clubs, intimate with all most prominent in "Society," and gambling, racing, and betting—alternately winning and losing at all three. The not surprising "collapse" eventually occurred, a sequence of "bad" nights at cards at the club depriving him of the whole fortune but a few hundred pounds. Courageously deciding at once to leave England to re-begin life in South Africa—in however obscure a capacity—he immediately booked a berth upon a ship sailing for the Cape a month from thence.

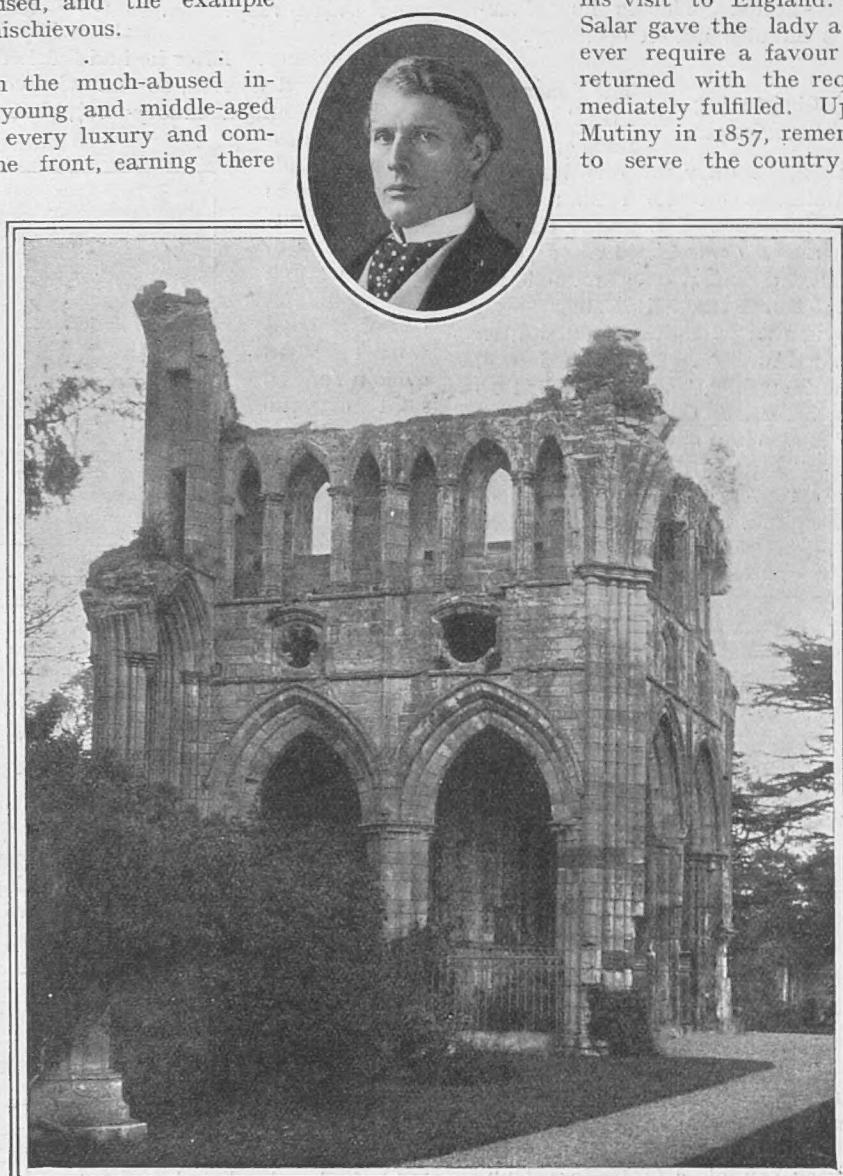
Being at the club a week later, A—B— strolled into the card-room, played, and won at the sitting over twenty thousand pounds! The next night, the night after, and the succeeding night he gave his "revenge" to the man from whom he had won most—ultimately rising the winner of close upon twenty-five thousand pounds! As A—B— was lighting a cigarette previous to leaving the room, the loser approached him and said, "I should never have played, for not only do I know little of the game, but have a wife and children upon whom the loss must entail ruin. Would you, in the circumstances, cancel the debt?" Without raising objection, A—B— assented, lit his cigarette—and, leaving for South Africa by the boat for which he had booked the passage, never mentioned the matter, it only becoming known

through being told by the man for whom the heroic sacrifice had been made.

A beautiful woman attracted much attention in London in the 'forties and 'fifties of last century whose society, though shunned by women, was sought by most of the rich and fashionable men of the day—Sir Salar Jung, Chief Minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad, being one of the most devoted of her admirers on the occasion of his visit to England. Before returning to India, Sir Salar gave the lady a ring, promising that, should she ever require a favour of him, the ring had but to be returned with the request, and the wish would be immediately fulfilled.

Upon the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, remembering the promise and anxious to serve the country in the emergency, the lady proposed to return the jewel, begging Sir Salar Jung to side with Great Britain at the crisis. As, meanwhile, she had married a rich Englishman prominent in Mayfair, the interference might revive memories of the past; nevertheless, communicating with the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.), the lady asked his sanction to making the attempt.

His Royal Highness not only accepted the offer, but arranged for the ring and message to be conveyed to Hyderabad and delivered with the utmost speed—and, they reaching in time, Sir Salar Jung unhesitatingly redeemed the promise, his assistance helping materially to retain for England possession of India.



A GIFT TO THE NATION: THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, DRYBURGH ABBEY—AND THE DONOR, LORD GLENCONNER.

Dryburgh Abbey is a beautiful ruin on the Tweed, some five miles from Melrose, immortalised by the poet-novelist whose tomb is now the property of the nation. The only condition imposed by the donor is that the privilege of holding an annual service within the abbey walls may be continued. Lord Glenconner, who is a brother of Mrs. Asquith, has held the office of Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. He has been assured by Sir Lionel Earle, accepting the gift on behalf of the Office of Works, that the building "will always be treated with the utmost care and reverence."—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry and H. N. King.]

"ration" for the week, and setting a wofully extravagant example.

Throughout the clubs much disapproval is being expressed at the continued, and continuous, appearance of paragraphs in the newspapers announcing that this, that, or the other person has "left town" for the country or "returned" to London. Most of the journeys are probably undertaken for legitimate purposes; but, as the public is strongly urged to travel as little as possible in the circumstances, it is generally considered that the announcements, being capable of misunderstanding, may set a bad example. The publication of "Arrivals" and "Departures" of the sort are, besides, altogether unnecessary in the majority of cases.

ENGAGED : LADY STRATHCONA'S DAUGHTER.



TO MARRY LORD CONGLETON: THE HON. EDITH HOWARD

Much interest has been taken in the announcement of the engagement of the younger daughter of Mr. Howard and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal—the Hon. Edith Mary Palmer Howard to Lord Congleton, who is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. Miss Howard was born in

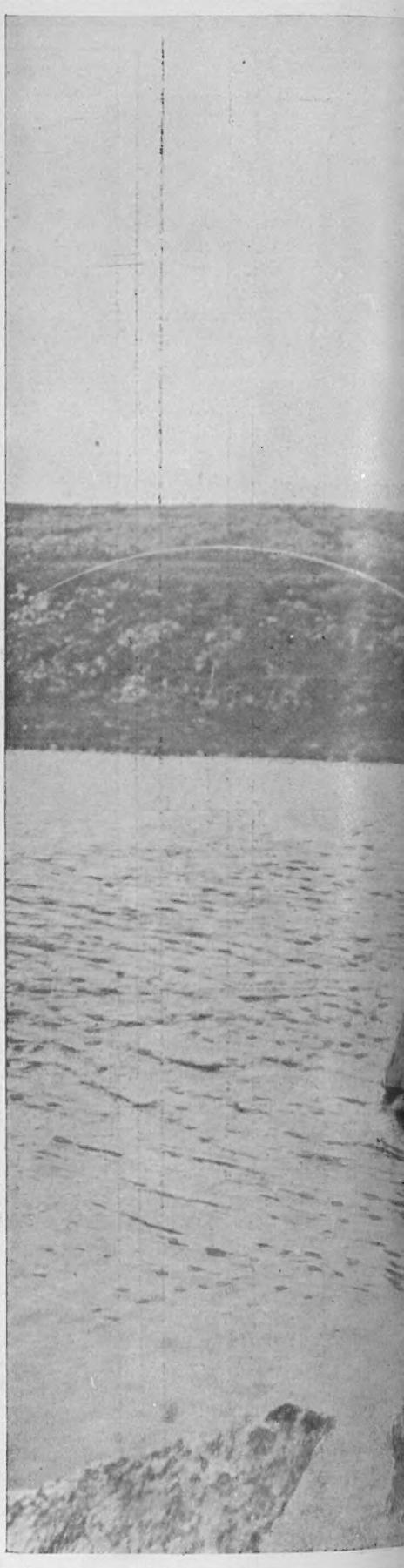
1895, and her sister, born in 1889, is the wife of a well-known naval officer—Commander James Buller Kitson, D.S.O. Lord Congleton is the sixth Baron, and succeeded to the title in the autumn of 1914, when his predecessor was killed in action at Ypres.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF NAVAL WARFARE : BRITIS



MASKED AGAINST MOSQUITOES : A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER FISHING
IN THE YUKANGA RIVER, NORTHERN RUSSIA.



CAMOUFLAGE TO DECEIVE A BROTH
A LAKE NEAR OLI

The Navy is not always engaged in fishing for submarines and mines. Occasionally opportunities present themselves of going after other game. This has been the case, as our photographs show, with that part of his Majesty's naval forces which was sent to operate in Arctic waters. Excellent fishing is to be had in the rivers and lakes of Northern Russia and on the Lapland coast, and some of the British officers were able now and then to enjoy a day's outing with the rod. The only drawback

Photo

OFFICERS AFTER OTHER FISH THAN SUBMARINES.



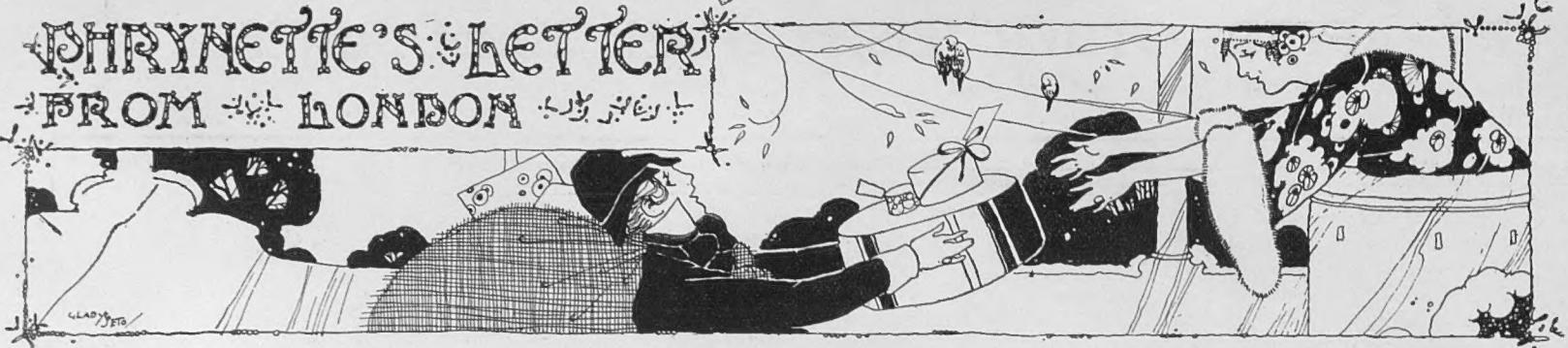
FISHERMAN: PLAYING A BIG-STONE ON
USSKI, LAPLAND.



NOT THE BAIT, BUT THE BITE! A "CATCH" (NOT TYPICAL, HOWEVER)
LAID OUT UPON THE ANTI-MOSQUITO-MASK.

was the prevalence of mosquitoes, against whose attacks they wore a kind of mask of netting. The Navy's sense of humour was not lacking on these occasions. Thus the central photograph shows an officer apparently playing a big fish, but it was in reality a stone, the object of the joke being to induce a brother enthusiast to tackle several miles of rough going in order to reach the spot. The "catch" seen in the right-hand photograph was hardly typical of the good sport which the locality affords.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



REARING YOUR OWN ROAST.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (*Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."*)

I WONDER whether, when the end of the war comes (most things are possible!), we shall not have returned to the simple life, the real simple life—wooden shoes, bare hands, and early dinner of roots.

Personally, I don't mind a bit. True, you can't fox-trot elegantly with *sabots*—but how they keep your feet snug in the messiest slush! And the little Dutch girls manage to trip prettily along with them. As for gloves, a shortage of which is predicted, everyone knows that, except for outdoor wear, gloves have not been in fashion for ever so long—in fact, you can always recognise the country cousin at a dance by her carefully white-gloved little paws. At a wedding, also, the smart go ungloved—perhaps so as better to wash his or her hands of the whole thing!

As regards roots, some are appetising; others, a little of it goes a long way (such as algebra's and bad teeth's). Real roots, however, can be *accommodes* in a very tasty way; but I am told by people who have tried it that you can't lead the strenuous life on salads and suchs! But why not rear your own roast, so to speak? Why not, instead of a pet dog, each adopt a young calf—one of those wobbly things that miraculously hold themselves up on four thin legs and become so frisky because they know nothing of the future?

First get your calf, and then fatten it: even if you have a prodigal father willing to feed you at restaurants, a piglet or two and a handful of hens might also make the difference between a lean or a luscious larder. Don't go as far as the foreseeing damsel who fattened her goldfishes on flies and other dainty bits in case trout might become a mere vision of past repasts—as it has! By the way, few people know, I should imagine, that the bulk of our *truites saumonnées* came from Germany. But it was a fact.

Another good and little known idea would be to encourage a few hedgehogs to chirp and skip about in your hedges. It is a *plat de luxe*, it seems.

If you want to rejuvenate your French, and at the same time spend a pleasant hour or so in a warm and perfumed atmosphere, there is at present a pleasant opportunity of so doing—*Les Conférences* of our French writers. The lectures, which started on Thursday (17th), are taking place every Thursday, at 5.30, at the Ritz.

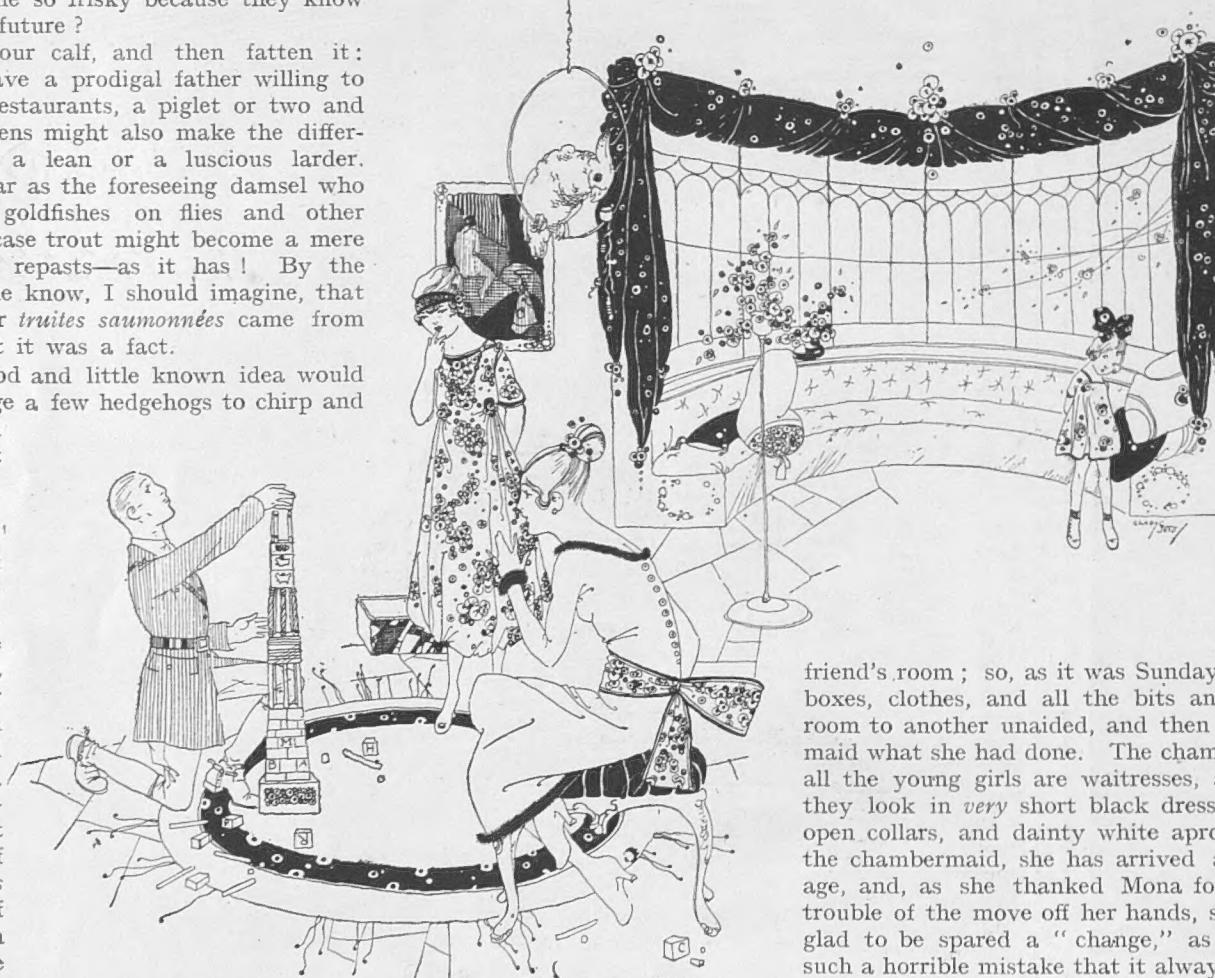
Not only literary, but all sorts of subjects, are being touched upon by men of wit and erudition, such as M. Maurice Barrés, M. René Bazin, M. Paul Doumer, L'Abbé Sertillange, and M. Louis Barthou. The novels of such delicacy and charm of M. René Bazin, who was first on the list, are well known here.

Many a child is looking forward to next Christmas, to be taken to the "Wonder Tales" again. I suppose that the "Wonder Tales" are staged for the edification of children mainly, although, like most things which make an effective appeal to our juniors, they

intrigue us who are no longer children almost as much. But to get full measure and enjoyment one must have children with one, or one would miss many fresh and original points of view—as, for instance, that of a youngster who expressed profound and audible sympathy with Mary Grey on the ground that she was stowed away in Pandora's box in the highly undesirable company of Hate, Greed, and a crowd of minor hobgoblins! Trap-doors and similar stage mechanisms do not destroy illusion for the very young.

Apparently, what pleases the juvenile intelligence about the Tales is that a coherent and easily followed set of stories of a nature that appeals to them is set forth, and that they are not perplexed and taxed by having to follow a complicated plot, the thread of which may easily be lost. And, incidentally, the moral to be deduced—which is that Inquisitiveness, Greed, and Churlishness respectively are not only undesirable qualities in themselves, but usually involve penalties of one kind or other—is a healthy one, and one which a budding intelligence can appreciate and assimilate.

The Tales struck me as remarkably well arranged and presented, and a special word may be said for the dancing of the Wonder Children.



"They intrigue us who are no longer children."

Just had a letter from Mona, who is fleeting a sunny fortnight at Blameless Bournemouth. Why is Bournemouth always credited with all the virtues, and Brighton with all the vagaries? I am the same in both places.

My friend's friend, who is her hostess, thought she would sleep better in my friend's room; so, as it was Sunday, Mona moved the boxes, clothes, and all the bits and pieces from one room to another unaided, and then told the chambermaid what she had done. The chambermaid is elderly; all the young girls are waitresses, and very delightful they look in very short black dresses, with mob caps, open collars, and dainty white aprons. To return to the chambermaid, she has arrived at the reminiscent age, and, as she thanked Mona for having taken the trouble of the move off her hands, said she was always glad to be spared a "change," as once she had made such a horrible mistake that it always made her nervous when she had to tackle the job. She was hastily

"changing" a lady blessed with a large quantity of lovely undies, and, in her hurry, deposited sundry silk garments in the room of a young officer. He made no complaint; nor did the lady—she was not of the noble army that inspects kit every day when in a hotel, "in case something should be missing." Probably the officer, being tired with drill, was like most men, only more so, and just hung his clothes up on the floor—at any rate, he never noticed the fairy films. All would have been well, if his wife had not paid him a surprise visit. I hate surprises, don't you? I agree with F. C. Philips' list of abominations which he gave in "As in a Looking-Glass"—"Babies, good advice, a nice long walk, high tea, and surprises."

Oh, yes, everybody did explain everything and everybody else;

but explanations, I find—I am told, I mean—only make the mean-minded more suspicious.

While on clothes, and underclothes, and seeing that this is a favourite month for weddings, it may interest the bride-to-be to hear what I saw among the treasures of a trousseau yesterday. (You men, skip it, will you? Oh, very well, then!) Imagine a nightie of black Chantilly lace made on Greek lines, and, as it might have been rather indiscreet a garment (on those Arctic nights), an almost invisible lining of transparent pale-pink stuff had been slipped in. It had the alluring elusiveness of a blush behind a veil.

Mona was delighted at Mme. Alicia Adelaide Needham's piano recital in the lounge of her hotel. This versatile lady also told many amusing stories in aid of her fund for providing pianos for those



"Disabled soldiers."

hospital wards where soldiers and officers lie, too severely wounded to be moved, to listen to the weekly or bi-weekly entertainments.

Once the piano is there, she or some other first-rate artist can go in and play, for short spells, music that *does* cheer, and help to heal sufferers. Mme. Needham was wearing her V.A.D. uniform, and looked splendid in it. In 1914 she volunteered to search for the wounded and missing in our hospitals; so she gained an entrée, and saw how much music was needed in the wards. She divides her entire time between playing to the men and giving concerts to collect funds for the purchase of pianos, for the cry is for more and still more. I should think the concerts in hotel lounges must be by far the most trying part of her labour of love. Some of the audience cannot differentiate between a good entertainment and a bad one (of course, I think any artist working for a good cause should receive a patient hearing—sometimes one has to be very patient), but on that occasion all listened with rapt attention to the melodies and humorous stories. Two stories I'm going to steal: I'm sure Mme. Needham won't mind—in fact, her permission was asked. A little girl of five had been out to lunch with her friends. On her return her mother asked her the should-be-barred question, "How have you behaved?" "Oh, mummy, I was very good; but the chop jumped into my lap!" "And what did you say?" asked mamma. "Oh, I apologised. I said, 'I'm so sorry, Mr. Browne; but that always happens when the meat is tough.'"

This is a little girl's essay on "Man": "Man is what woman marries. Man drinks and smokes; but he is logically and zoologically superior to woman. Both man and woman have sprung from the ape, but woman has sprung further than man."

Mme. Alicia Needham has given all the rights of the last song she has composed to her Piano Fund; her sufficient address is Clapham Park, and there she will be very glad to receive contributions. One thing she told us made me feel sad—the Overseas soldiers are far better provided with cigarettes and other comforts than our men are; often when playing in hospital she has seen the Overseas lady visitors come in with big

baskets full of joy for their men, while the English soldiers do not fare so well.

I am sure I have only to mention this for all of you to see that this reproach is taken away right speedily.

On Feb. 11 there is to be given at the Lyceum Club a very big dinner to make known the Fortune of War Cafés, which are stationary coffee-stalls organised and run by a group of invalided Army officers who found this way of helping disabled men (sailors and soldiers) to well-paid and not difficult work. Lieutenant Latham, who has done most of the spadework, will be the guest of honour. Many well-known people are interested in these coffee-stalls, and I hear Mrs. Parker, sister of the late Lord Kitchener, is now a part-owner of one. The Countess of Carnarvon has been doing valuable work for them, and Mrs. Campbell Hunter, Lady Moore, Mrs. Keith Cameron are others who are giving a deal of time and interest to this work.

Regarding work for disabled men, I am reminded that Mr. Ernest Thesiger, of the Criterion Theatre, when he was invalided from the Army, had only the use of one hand for a time, and, interested to find some employment for other soldiers who were similarly handicapped, tried different ways of employing himself. He discovered he could do copies of old needlework, embroideries, pictures, etc., with one hand, and he taught several men. The latest news is that the authorities interested in this experiment think of having many one-handed invalided soldiers and sailors taught this craft.

I was much amused and not a little saddened to read in a French trench paper the opinions and reflections of a *permissionnaire* (*poilu* on leave)—



"A nice long walk."



"The foreseeing damsel who fattened her goldfishes."

"WHAT SURPRISES US MOST WHEN ON LEAVE."

- "To hear war talked about!"
 - "To see people sitting down to eat!"
 - "To find women who do not sell groceries and eatables!"
 - "To be served *first* in a shop!"
 - "To see cellars uninhabited!"
 - "Not to touch straw when going to bed."
 - "To go and fetch sugar at the Town Hall."
 - "To see people about who don't carry cans."
 - "To see that trade has developed (!)"
 - "To find there are bedrooms in hotels."
 - "To sit in a hairdresser's salon."
 - "To hear lucky folks grousing."
 - "To be told there are lots of philanthropic works for the *poilus* (!?)
 - "Not to see our Journal read by all."
 - "And, especially, to see that other papers are taken *au sérieux*!"
- That last a nasty one, oh colleague!

SMALL TALK



SIR EDWARD CARSON is not to resume his practice at the Bar, as I understand, he will devote his whole time to Irish political affairs. Sir Edward's bitterest enemies can hardly accuse him of being anything but disinterested. A princier income than barrister ever enjoyed would be his if he were now at the receipt of briefs. The Bar is much impoverished by the absorption of many brilliant men in Government work of one kind or another, and the return of the most brilliant King's Counsel of modern times would be welcomed. There is, within the limits of common-sense, no fee too high to pay for his services. I remember how, in the days when Ulster affairs were beginning to absorb his attention, but were not yet the sole occupation of his life, he sent back a brief marked five hundred guineas. It turned up again at a thousand, and was still refused. Then, at a third bombardment with fifteen hundred, the enemy succeeded in breaking through the barbed wire. The fact is that Sir Edward Carson, without being a great lawyer, in

the sense in which law lecturers use that expression, has more varied gifts in greater measure than any advocate of the time. He can do what Macbeth could not, and be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious all in a moment as the occasion demands; and his cross-examinations will always be studied as classics by the aspirant to forensic honours. It is curious that a man of such prominent talents at the Bar has hardly made a political reputation to correspond—at least, in the speaking way. His counsel in the Cabinet had an admittedly high value.

ENGAGED: MISS BARBARA BANCROFT.

Miss Bancroft is the grand-daughter of two distinguished actors, Sir John Hare and Sir Squire Bancroft. Her engagement to Captain J. M. P. Rowlandson, A.S.C., has been announced.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Famous Father and Son. It is not often that father and son win great eminence in the same line. Often, the brilliant sire is succeeded by a blockhead of most comprehensive dullness. An exception to the rule is provided in the case of the late Sir John Wolfe-Barry, the eminent engineer who has just passed away at the age of eighty-three.

His father was that Sir Charles Barry, R.A., who designed the Houses of Parliament and planned Trafalgar Square. He himself was one of the engineering giants of the Victorian age, and a man of stupendous energy. His name will live in connection with such works as the great Barry Dock at Cardiff, the Metropolitan Railway, the Tower Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, Kew Bridge, the Surrey Commercial Dock, and Immingham Dock. The Tower Bridge was the first in England of those steel structures which affect to be solid masonry. It has been the delight of artists, who generally protest against such camouflage. Mr. Brangwyn has especially shown an affection for it.

The Two Resignations. Of the two resignations—Sir Edward Carson's from the Cabinet, and Colonel Repington's from the Times—

that of the military journalist has, perhaps, caused the most comment. Colonel Repington is a man distinctly behind the scenes, and has had very considerable influence in moulding British military opinion during the last ten years. It may be remembered that it was he who, in the unusual form of a letter to the editor, brought out the story of Lord Tweedmouth's correspondence with the Kaiser over naval estimates at the time when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government was making determined efforts to arrive at a naval holiday. Probably no more sensational revelation was made in quiet fashion. Colonel Repington generally wrote under the modest title of "Our Military Critic," but occasionally adopted a fancy pseudonym. On one occasion the *Times* appeared with a two-column article ostensibly by a German military officer who put as his signature the Hun equivalent for thunder and lightning. An evening paper where knowledge of elementary German did not obtain actually took the matter seriously, and quoted the article as from a famous German military authority, Colonel "Donner und Blitzen."

ENGAGED: MISS GWENDOLYN JARDINE.

Miss Jardine is the younger daughter of Mr. Ernest Jardine, M.P., of Nottingham. Her engagement to Capt. Eric Croft, M.C., R.F.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Croft, of Dunedin, New Zealand, has been announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Since her husband holds the appointment of Surveyor of Food Consumption for all Public Services, it is not surprising that Mrs. Archibald Weigall should have been devoting herself to the study of economy in food. As a result, housewives are the richer by not a few recipes designed to effect a saving in flour. Mrs. Weigall has gone further, and discovered the nourishing qualities of rice that has been boiled in water, besides unmasking the possibilities of the harmless, necessary, carrot, as an aid to patriotism. Unlike so many economists, Mrs. Weigall—who, by-the-by, Society remembers as once the wife of Baron von Eckhardtstein—has eaten the foods whose consumption she advocates, and no one will deny that she is an excellent advertisement for her wares. Equipping a hospital at Petwood, in Lincolnshire, is another war-work of hers.



A NEW PORTRAIT: MISS MILDRED GARTSIDE-TIPPING.

Miss Mildred Phyllis Gartside-Tipping is well known and well liked in Society, and much interest has been shown in the recent announcement of her engagement to Captain H. Carleton Richardson, a popular officer in the Rifle Brigade.

Photograph by Yevonde.



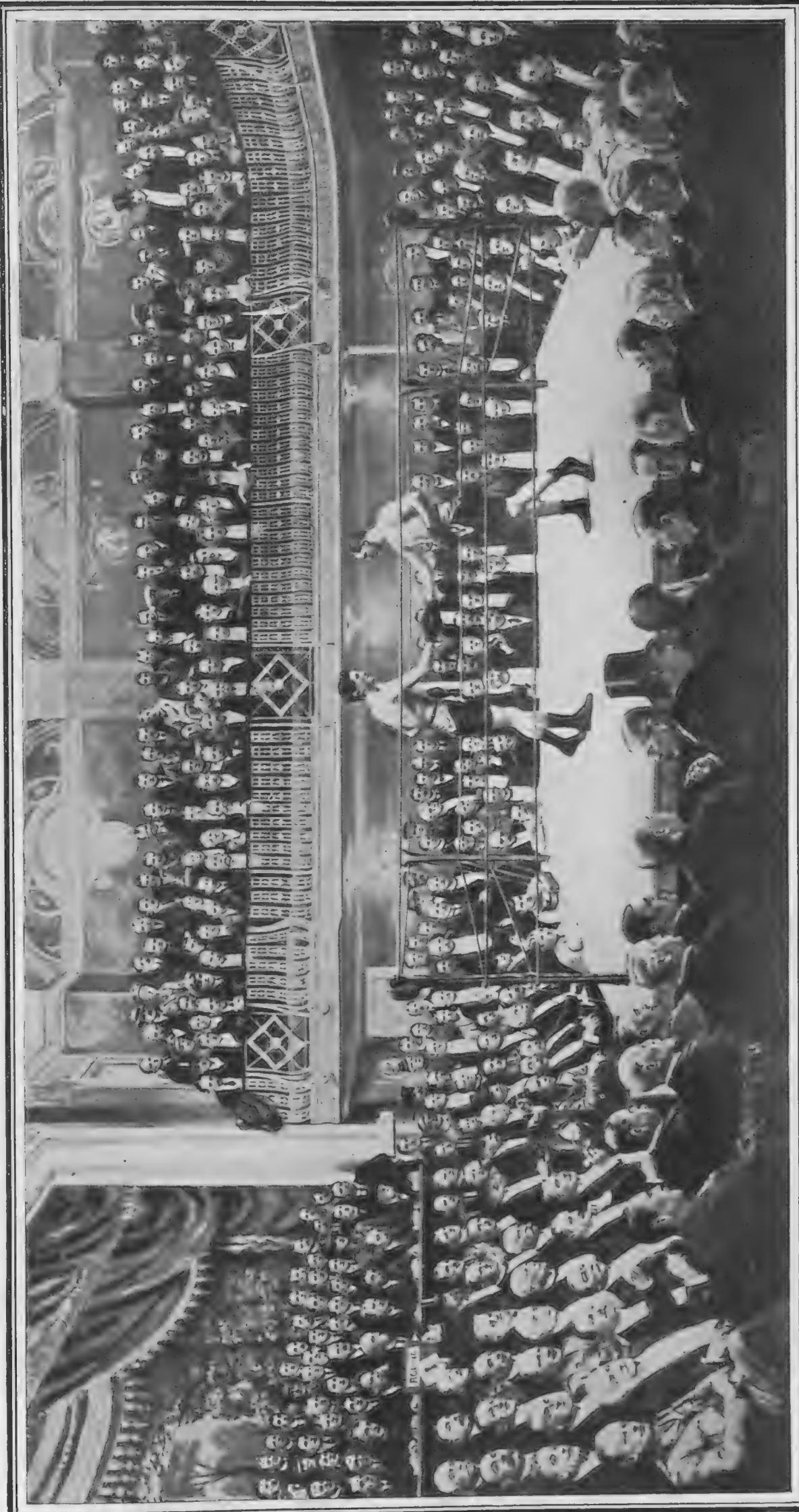
ENGAGED: MISS D. E. LAMBERT.

Miss Dorothy Evelyn Lambert, whose engagement to Lieutenant Guy Percy Hodgson, R.E., son of Colonel J. O. Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson, of The Knoll, Andover, is announced, is a daughter of the late Colonel M. H. Lambert and Mrs. Lambert, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Photograph by Swaine.

A PICTURE FIT FOR A KING OF BRITAIN : THE SPORT THAT FOSTERS THE FIGHTING SPIRIT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. HOWARD ROBINSON. PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES'S PRESS.



A PICTURE OF WHICH THE KING HAS ACCEPTED AN ENGRAVING: MR. W. HOWARD ROBINSON'S PAINTING, "AN EVENING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB."

men will easily be recognised. The President of the National Sporting Club, Lord Lonsdale, is seen sitting in the centre of the group to the left, just below the left-hand of the two figures in top hats. Other are Lord Tweedmouth, the late Admiral Montague, Sir Claud de Crespigny and Lord Portarlington. The boxers permanently recorded in art, and that the work should receive the Royal approval in the acceptance of an engraving thereof by his Majesty the King. The picture took the artist four years to complete, and contains no fewer than 329 portraits of sporting celebrities who gave him personal sittings. A number of famous

It was fitting that the headquarters of boxing in this country, and the men who of late years have chiefly maintained the sport, should in these times, when we have reaped the moral benefit of their efforts, be permanently recorded in art, and that the work should receive the Royal approval in the acceptance of an engraving thereof by his Majesty the King. The picture took the artist four years to complete, and contains no fewer than 329 portraits of sporting celebrities who gave him personal sittings. A number of famous



JANUARY 27, but no birthday messages from Buckingham Palace to Berlin! Queen Victoria's feelings of thankfulness when the Kaiser was born have ceased to operate among her descendants in England. Four years ago the Queen of Greece helped the Court at Berlin to honour the day. "In the evening,"

Mr. Gerard has recorded, "there was a gala performance in the Opera House. Between the acts in the large foyer royalties made the circle, and I had quite a long conversation with both the Emperor and Empress." It was on that occasion that the King of Saxony asked that the American Ambassador should be presented to him; and, when Mr. Gerard put out his hand, the King ostentatiously neglected to take it. The wife of the Turkish Ambassador was, however, equal to the occasion. Having received a similar rebuff, she went "around" the King, seized the hand he had put behind him, brought it round to the front, and shook it warmly.

Electresses. How devotedly democratic we do manage to be! One small feminine section of the com-

NIECE OF A WELL-KNOWN PEER:

MRS. HUGH LLOYD THOMAS.

Mrs. Lloyd Thomas is the wife of Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, Secretary in the Diplomatic Service at Cairo. Before her marriage, she was Miss Gwendoline Ada Bryan; and she is a niece of Lord Bellew.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

munity might have missed the vote under the People's Representation Bill but for the zeal of a Peer very pleased to put on the paper his amendment. The Peeresses in their own right, who do not sit with the Lords, would obviously have their own wrong too if they were banished the polls! So the electorate may yet be larger by a score, and the Duchess of Norfolk (Baroness Herries) even increase by one the majority of her brother-in-law, Lord Edmund Talbot, in the Arundel Division of Sussex. Public meetings may yet be held by all the members of her own class in the immediate neighbourhood—she and Lady Zouche and Lady Wentworth, to wit.

Takings and Givings.

Lord Wemyss, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Haddingtonshire, is one of the many Peers who have lost their eldest sons in the



war. Lord Wemyss has lost a younger son also, and nephews so brilliant as young Percy Wyndham, Charles Lister, and Wyndham Tennant. Where so many of the young have vanished, the properties they would have inherited must needs lose some of their hold on their present possessors; and Lord Glenconner, who married Lady Wemyss's sister, may have had some of this feeling in making his gift of Dryburgh Abbey to the nation. His little grandchild, Francis David, not yet six years old, has naturally none of the regrets which his father, Lord Elcho, had he lived, might have felt in parting with so historic a family possession.

Unforgotten Strains.

Sir Alfred Mond has been asked why he does not commandeer Sir Edgar Speyer's house, and has replied that when it is wanted it will be taken. If ever the many men and women who provide music for the wounded should need headquarters, No. 46, Grosvenor Street should surely be the spot. No other hostess had quite such lovely music as Lady Speyer with which to regale her guests. How Mr.

Sargent loved it, and the Princess Christian, and the Londesboroughs, and the Sandhursts, and Lady Maud Warrender! Sir Edgar, as the chief mover in the London Traffic combine, was said

to have been

more responsible than anybody else for London noises that were less than musical. Men like the late Sir Theodore Martin, who loathed the motor bus, used to say that Sir Edgar had destroyed more nerves than his benefactions to King Edward's Hospital Fund could ever mend.

"I ask you to accept my resignation as a Privy Councillor and to revoke my baronetcy," wrote Sir Edgar to Mr. Asquith in response to "suggestions of treachery" made against him when the war was nine months old. And then it was found how vastly easier it is to give honours than to take them away. So Sir Edgar duly remains in the Baronetage.



A WORKER AT THE MINISTRY OF FOOD: MISS ELIZABETH BIRCHENOUGH. Miss Birchenough is the younger daughter of Sir John Henry Birchenough, K.C.M.G., Member of the Advisory Committee of the Board of Trade, Chairman of the Textile Committee, and Chairman of the Royal Commission on Paper, 1917.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA: CAPTAIN FITZROY—THE HON. DOREEN BUXTON.

Captain Charles FitzRoy, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was married at Cape Town, on Jan. 4, to the Hon. Doreen Buxton, daughter of Viscount Buxton, Governor-General and High Commissioner of South Africa, to whom Captain FitzRoy, who fought at Mons, and was invalided out of the Army, has, since early in 1916, been Aide-de-Camp. He is the son of Lady Charles FitzRoy, of Hawstead Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, who is a sister of Baron Southampton.—[Photographs by Sherwood, Durban.]

A PLAY WITH ONLY TWO PLAYERS: "OUT OF HELL."



DRIVEN MAD BY SUPPOSING THAT HER SON HAS BEEN SHOT: MISS FRANCES IVOR AS MRS. FORD.



SHOT IN HELPING ARTHUR FORD TO ESCAPE FROM GERMANY: MISS IVOR AS FRAU HARTZMANN.



DISGUISED BY FRAU HARTZMANN IN HER SON'S GERMAN UNIFORM: MR. H. BROUGH ROBERTSON AS ARTHUR FORD.



"YOU ARE NOT MY SON!" MRS. FORD AND CARL HARTZMANN (MR. ROBERTSON)

"Out of Hell" might be called a tragedy of errors, as the two mothers are twin sisters (who married respectively an Englishman and a German) and their sons like as twins. Miss Frances Ivor "doubles" the mothers, Mr. Brough Robertson, the sons. Arthur Ford, prisoner in Germany, is helped to escape in Carl's uniform by Carl's mother, whom Arthur's

pursuers shoot dead. Meanwhile Carl, in Arthur's uniform, spying in England, pretends to be Arthur. Discovered, he tells Mrs. Ford if he does not return to Germany, Arthur will be shot. She decides to sacrifice Arthur and goes mad. When Arthur returns she first believes him to be Carl.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



"You Mustn't Move!"

(A cigarette butt lies on the left margin.)

"I won't. I wouldn't spoil your enjoyment of the most delightful cigarette made for all the world. You will understand now why I never move without my Kenilworths—won't you? And why I

consider them the one cigarette worth smoking?

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost **1/2 for 20, 2/10 50, 5/8 100.**

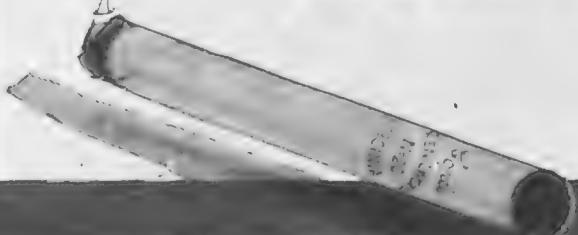
FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. **Minimum order 200.** Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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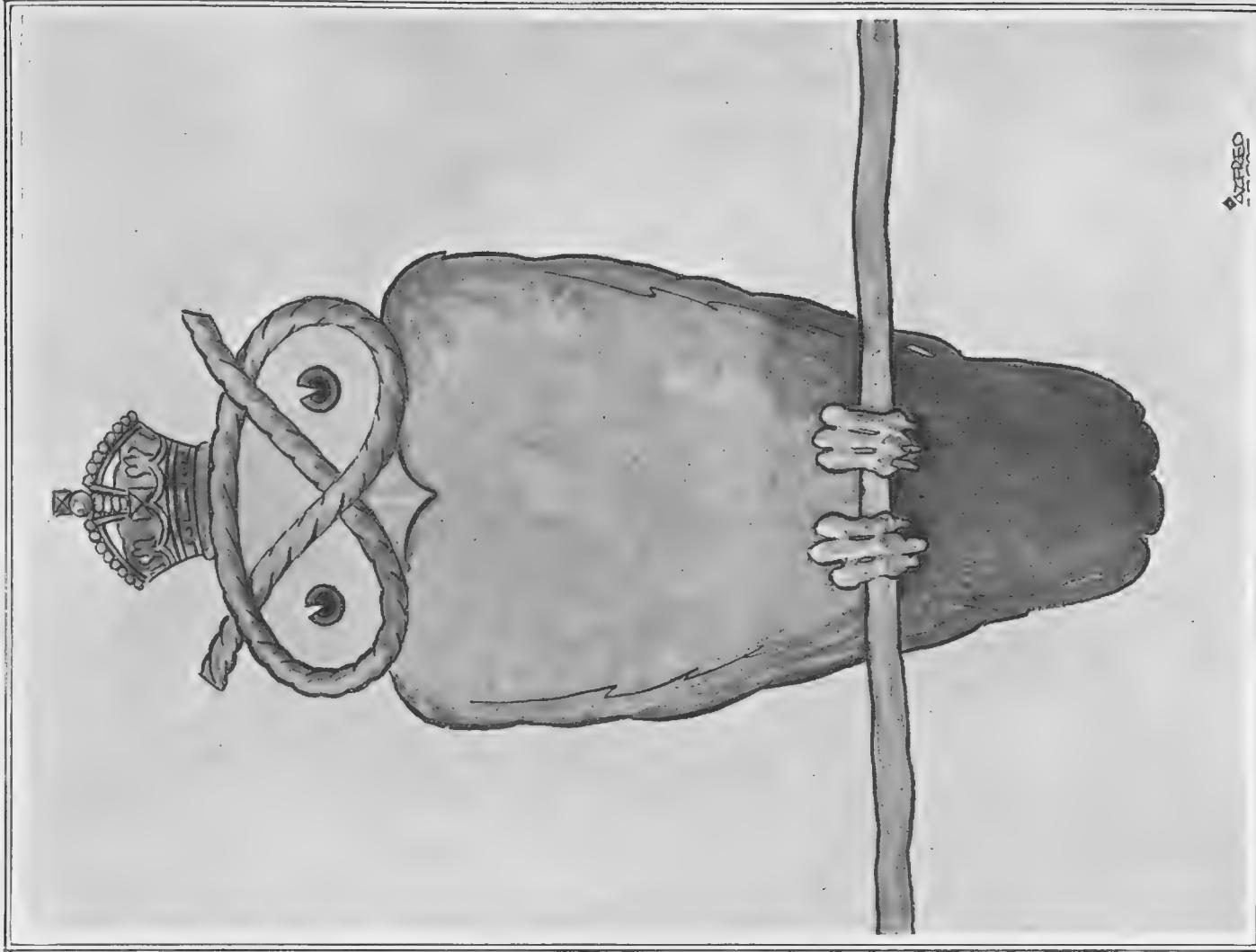
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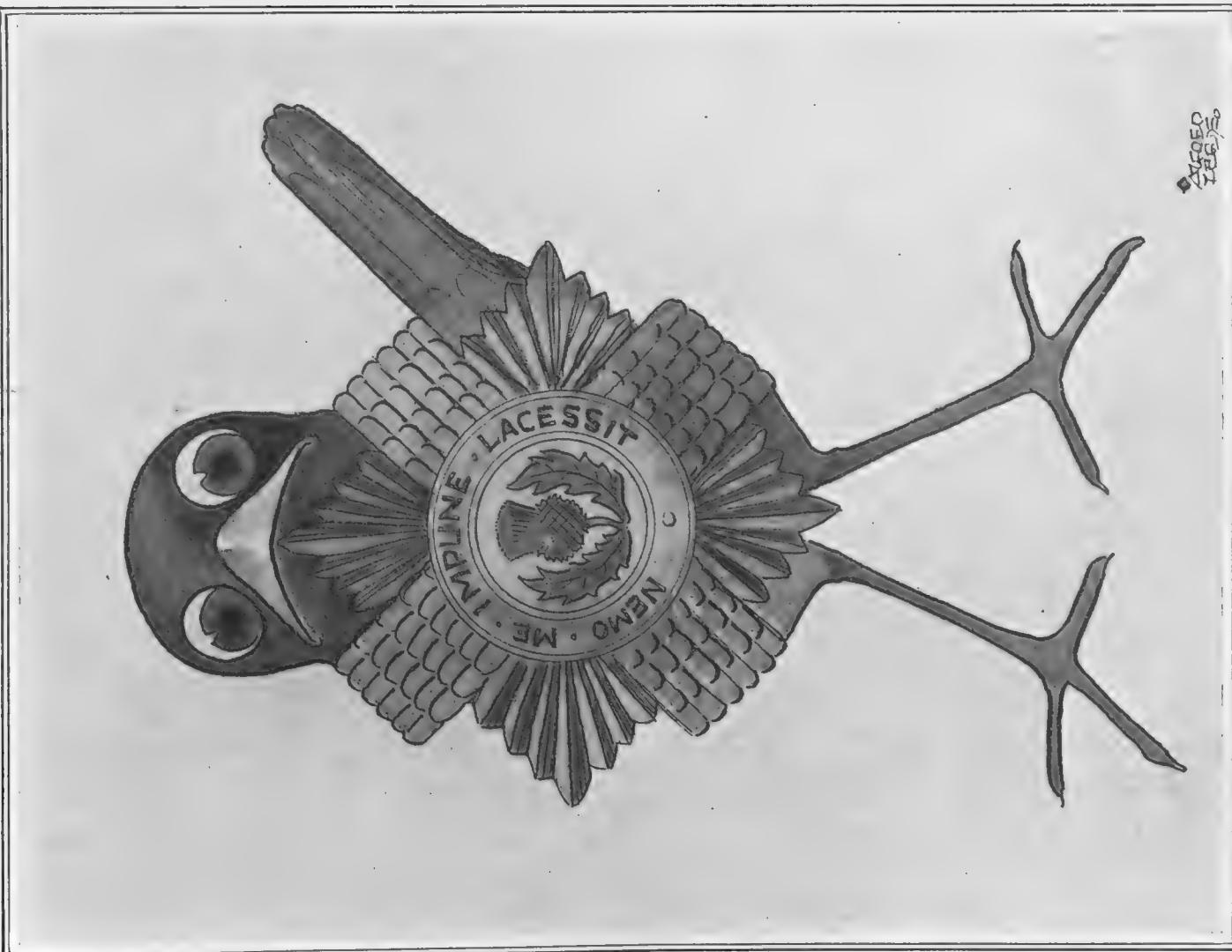
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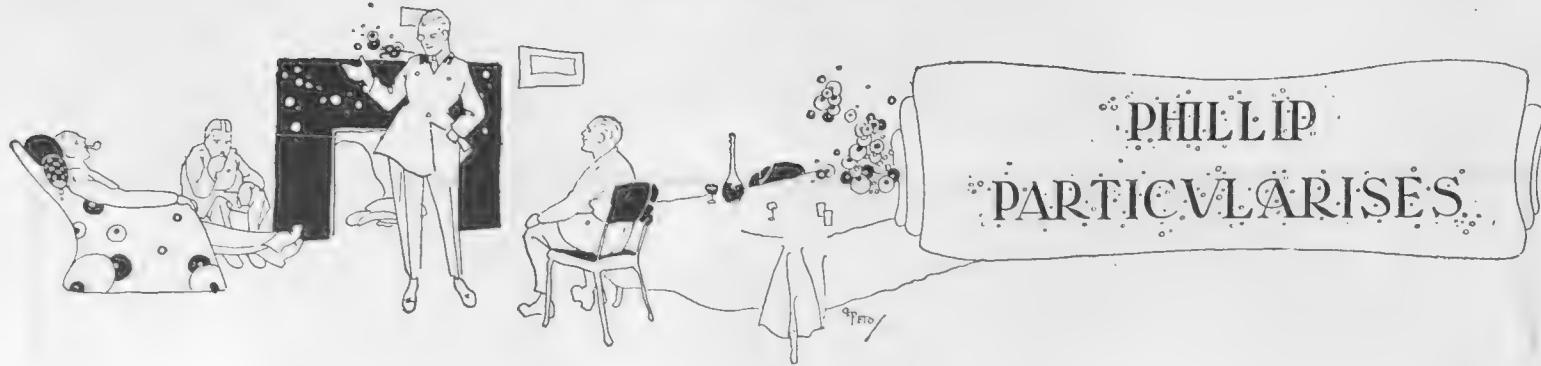


VI.—THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE OWL



V.—THE SCOTS GUARDS' ROBIN.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



TABS AND TABLEAUX.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

BIBIANA bustled up with her usual air of National Impotence, and a gold-lined prompt-book.

"How are you getting along? . . . We're just going to rehearse Tableau 54 in the Augustus John Salon," she breathed. "That one is rather a novel idea of my own, and I want . . . well, who is Joan of Arc?"

"Who isn't?" asked Phillip. "Except, of course, those who are Lucrezia Borgia. It's one of the fundamentals of human nature that women below forty *must* be one or the other in tableaux. Over forty they *have* to be one of the little Princes in the Tower. . . . What do you think of my own passionate effort?"

There was a sort of salad of mixed sexes, posed in excruciating attitudes against clay and gold coloured tapestries. As Phillip told Camillus later, one can never really understand human anguish in the raw until one has posed really nice people in charity tableaux; this was as good an example of human suffering as he could make it. Really well-furred people were lumped together, as though they had been frozen after the really nodal moment of a lift-stoppage that had been both sudden and violent. Their hands and necks were placed in strange strained attitudes: Phillip said these were the natural gestures of the Assyrians and people of primordial Liverpool, and gave his scene the right Maeterlinckian atmosphere.

Bibiana glanced Benvimoshly at the human mess.

"Is it Futuristic?" she asked.

"Not necessarily," admitted Phillip. "I rather favour the Baffling School, if there *must* be explanations."

Bibiana frowned. Phillip, of course, was very Intelligence, and had tabs to his reputation, but—

"When they are properly undressed on The Night, no doubt people will understand—but—I suppose it does mean something?"

"As a matter of fact," said Phillip, "it means anything."

"Phillip," wailed Bibiana, "what have you done with—what is it, No. 18 Tableau?—King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid?"

"I've been thoughtful about it," said Phillip. "I thought if we brought up any more kings Lenin would be huffy, and obviously the Beggar Maid would have no time for dalliance with anything below a Shop Steward, for she must belong to the local W.A.A.C.s. We have to think Geddesly about these things, don't we? So, on the whole, I decided to wash it out, and work on a theory born under my own parting."

Bibiana glared at the frightfully contorted crowd.

"Is that a theory?" she asked. "It looks like a human mayonnaise."

"To be strictly truthful," said Phillip, "it is about four theories,

if not more. I would explain them to you, if you had time and I could remember them, but in a general sense the effect I have aimed at is to be slightly Thibetan and utterly enigmatical. That spinal-curvature stance is pure Thibet, the rest enigma. Now, I think you're going to be troublesome. You're going to ask silly questions about this enigma. One doesn't do it. One simply says 'Ah,' as Ibsen would, and walks away nodding one's head sagely—above all, sagely. Those who cannot do sagely should not be allowed to face enigmas."

"But—but do you know what it means?"

"It means anything you like," said Phillip. "It is purposely constructed to mean anything anybody likes—that's its charm. 'Mayfair Foiled of its Sunday Aitchbone' would be an excellent title for it. But, naturally, I don't bother about that. To produce one's enigma is one thing; to solve it is somebody else's job."

Bibiana, Phillip explained later to a gathering of the tabs, goes in for a most restricted form of gay-fare. She had a chance of producing something thoroughly amazing, but she decided against Phillip. Phillip had better be decorative rather than devastating, so he was put at the Stall entrance, and saw to it that all the right people got the wrong seats. There is nothing that makes a charity matinée so warm and curdling as putting a Radical Under-Secretary into the stall of a No-Party-But-One's-Country Tory, and leaving all to simmer. Phillip said he did his best, but he was fighting against odds.

It was a topping charity, too—one he had suggested. It was to provide Soldiers' Friends to the Rifle Brigade, and the idea made an immense appeal. A really intelligent brain would have made much of it. Nobody, as Phillip says, has yet asked real actors to come and listen to the audience speaking, and he is sure vast sums could be made that way; he could have filled the stage twice over on the mere suggestion, he is confident.

There was an untold wealth of ideas knocking about; one could have a song-scena that said nothing about Great Red Dawns or You Coming Home, and there might be a Plain Chorus who really didn't know anybody in the Stage Box.

"But I fear I came away in ill repute," concluded Phillip. "You see, Lady Dimensions would be viciously Greek, and when women are Greek they go back to that sad trouble over the apple and can't think of only one pose. Well, of course, that was all right; but the programme was rather painful—anyhow, to Lady Dimensions. By some curious error, it stated that she would take the part (in tableau) of Helen of Avoirdupois. Bibiana was perfectly confident that no printer could have been as clever as that."

THE END.



REVEALING HERSELF IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 1ST PANJANDRUM HUSSARS: MISS LILLAH McCARTHY IN "ANNAJANSKA, THE WILD GRAND DUCHESS," AT THE COLISEUM.

The above-mentioned sketch, recently produced at the Coliseum, is described on the programme as "from the Russian of Gregory Biessikoff," a name which has been interpreted as indicating "G.B.S.I. puff." Miss Lillah McCarthy appears as a Grand Duchess who suddenly throws off her cloak and reveals herself as a revolutionary leader, in the uniform of a crack regiment.

are Greek they go back to that sad trouble over the apple and can't think of only one pose. Well, of course, that was all right; but the programme was rather painful—anyhow, to Lady Dimensions. By some curious error, it stated that she would take the part (in tableau) of Helen of Avoirdupois. Bibiana was perfectly confident that no printer could have been as clever as that."

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL !



THE DETECTIVE: How tall is this missing cashier of yours?

THE FIRM: Heavens, man! He isn't tall—he's £7000 short!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



YOU and I are envying Lord Rhondda like anything. On Monday, by the will of the Margarine (Requisition) Order, dated Jan. 17, he came into all there is to be had of that once despised substitute for a now extinct product!

Before the war, in tubs or blocks, we had this margarine in plenty. (I often saw, in grocers' stocks, as many, quite, as five-and-twenty.) We thought but little of the stuff; but now we envy you, Lord Rhondda, that all is yours! 'Tis true enough that absence makes the heart grow fonder!

The "special's" life is not a happy one. But it is to be made less unhappy by a concession which will place him beyond the influence of compulsory rationing. Recognising that you cannot very well arrest a man on an empty stomach, and that full authority is necessary for such an act, Sir Arthur Yapp is making arrangements to provide him with a few extra "special dishes."

The "special's" plight is sad at night. Not his the ancient habit to grope behind the kitchen blind for mutton-pie or rabbit! Not his to wait at area gate with Mary and her passions! What "man in blue" could e'er be true on cook's divided rations?

And yet, mayhap, Sir Arthur Yapp, explaining things to Rhondda, may get that Food Lord in a mood the "special's" case to phonddda. In which event there'll be content once more within the "aireys," for then of stuff there'll be enough for both his little Marys!

Just as there are persons who will explode over a chestnut, so there are chestnuts that will explode over a person. I remember being badly peppered once by a large chestnut I had put between the red-hot grate-bars without first taking the precaution to slit the skin with my penknife; and I am not surprised to learn that their explosive qualities are being turned to account in the ammunition factories.

"If you eat any more, you'll burst" is another nursery recollection of mine in reference to chestnuts. Little did I think, that Christmas time umpteen years ago, that I was stuffing myself

squire sort came down the platform pushing before him a large portmanteau, a fair-sized kit-bag, and a suit-case. When he arrived at where the middle luggage-van stops, he removed the kit-bag and the suit-case from the load, unscrewed the two hand-shafts—which, like the rest of the truck, were made of light steel tubing—and, with a calm air of perfect independence, awaited the arrival of the train. The portmanteau was gripped in a little frame with small wheels attached, and the whole he lifted with the greatest ease into the



GIRL "BEATERS" ON FOOD RELIEF WORK FOR LONDON: A PARTY OF THE FARM COLLECTING GAME AND RABBITS THAT HAVE BEEN SHOT LUNCHING IN A COVERT.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

van. Then, with bag, case, and hand-shafts, he stepped unruffled into his own compartment. And there is a great saving of expense in being your own porter.

Sir Stuart Charles Macaulay Browne, whenever he went up to town, with friends to share a night of prayer at his Belgravian quarters, most patriotically stuck to pushing his own luggage truck, that he might save what people gave in tips to railway porters. A conscientious man was he, this Stuart Charles Macaulay B. As Stuart Charles Macaulay Browne observed when he returned from town to Lady B., the visit he had paid to his relations had practically nothing cost, because no money he had tossed to man and boy in corduroy who hang about the stations. A master of economy, Sir Stuart Charles Macaulay B.!

(Between ourselves—you won't let this escape from its parenthesis—this same eclipse of porters' tips was really immaterial. It was not in Sir Stuart B. a uniform economy to lunch and dine, and sup, and sign his bill, at the Imperial! Nor was it solid thrift in Browne to taxi everywhere in town!)

The newspaper cooks get funnier and funnier every day. The latest "happy thought" of our Stop-Press Beetons is that when we can't get butcher's meat we should try curried eggs! They in their turn should try keeping poultry, and, having mastered that art at the cost of bankruptcy, should then try getting the hens to lay.

I wonder who will know it first, the Winter or the Spring, the Summer or the Autumn, when the bells begin to ring!—the Peace bells that shall tell us that the Battle has been won? I wonder if the Moon will hear the news before the Sun?

I wonder if the Primrose will be first to hear the sound? The ground whereon it glitters shall be consecrated ground! Or will the Rose be list'ning when the word sings through the air? All Roses then for ever shall be holy everywhere!

I wonder if the Brambles will be first to hear and know? Then Bramble shall for ever be the Myrtle of the snow, and eyes afame with gratitude shall fancy that they see the flower growing there of Love and Immortality!

A. B. M.



GIRL "BEATERS" ON FOOD RELIEF WORK FOR LONDON: A PARTY ON A NORFOLK FARM COLLECTING GAME AND RABBITS THAT HAVE BEEN SHOT, CARRYING THE "BAG" FROM A COVERT TO FARM CARTS IN WAITING. On an estate in Norfolk, where hundreds of pheasants, hares, rabbits, etc., are shot and sent to London to relieve the food-shortage, the "beating" is done by girls. What few men are left on the estate being required for other work.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

with a mixture of dynamite, gun-cotton, and nitro-glycerine! In what a frenzy of alarm would I have rushed from that blazing nursery fire and plunged into that lukewarm nursery bath! . . . No more chestnuts for me, thank you! Hindenburg can have mine!

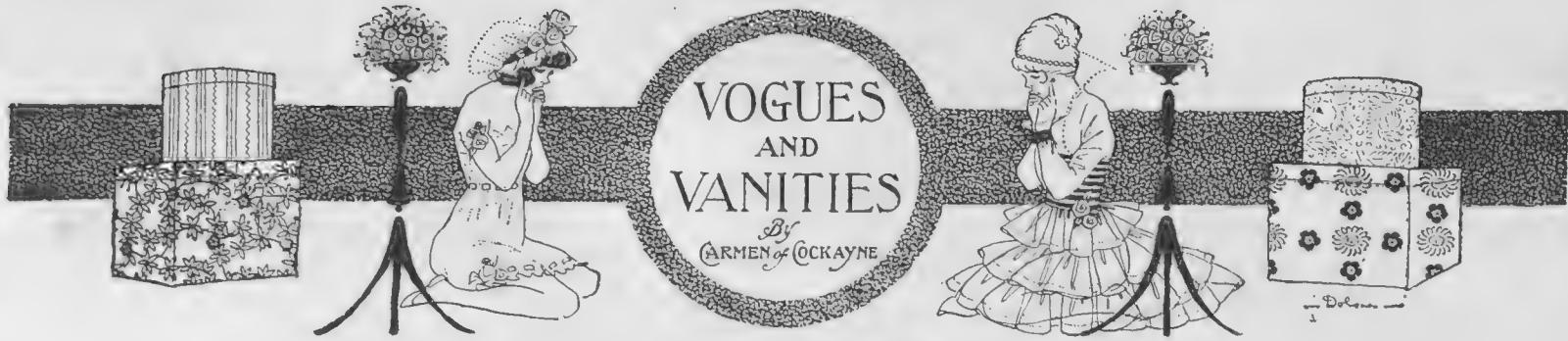
Every man his own railway porter. That will be the next thing. I have just met the thin end of the wedge at a country station on the L.B. and S.C.R. A smartly tweeded old gentleman of the

WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS !



THE FATHER (*to the son about to go out in the world*) : Of course, you'll be a fool; but don't be a darned fool—and never refuse a nut; it may be a good one.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



On Spring Coats and Skirts. How coats and skirts are going to conform to the new "line" and yet retain their practical usefulness is one of the questions women have been asking themselves ever since the tubular gown began to cast its slender shadow across the dress horizon. The house-frock can adopt any vagary it chooses. After all, when it's not a question of fighting your way on to a 'bus or Tube train, or wading through the mud, hem-circumference sinks to the level of a minor detail. Besides, most people are agreed that the attenuated draperies are far more becoming to the ration-reduced figure than the billowing frilliness of yester-year; and, if they were not, few women are so courageous, even after nearly three-and-a-half years of war, as to disregard altogether any edict that Fashion sees fit to launch.

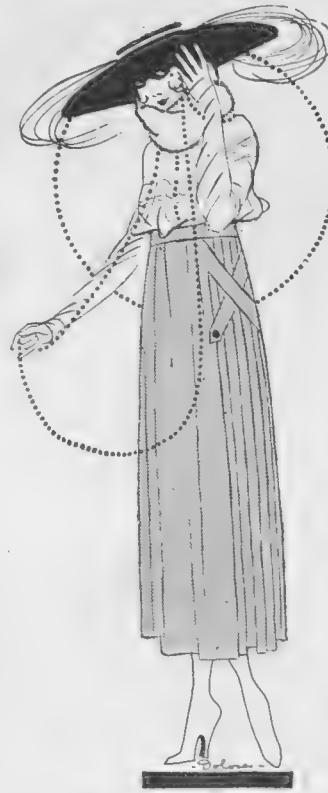


Collars are going up. This one is high and braided into the bargain.

may consent to change her outline, but there are no signs that she means to relinquish the work that she has undertaken in the national interest. Narrow skirts and mermaid draperies are not to be allowed to interfere with the output of shells or of anything else that is going to help to win the war. There is really no reason why they should, so long as the dress artists provide us with clothes that, while conforming to the new standards, still leave our limbs unfettered.

A Suit Solution. The coat and skirt, which always makes its appearance as spring approaches, is a striking instance of how the *couturier* is adapting fashion to the needs of the time. The latest models have already arrived at Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, where Dolores sketched the examples shown on this page. They prove conclusively that the mode, even if it takes narrow views, is quite compatible with comfort and—what is more important—freedom of action. It would be difficult for any skirt to run a straighter course than those here illustrated. But the appearance of curtailed breadth has no foundation in fact. Coats and skirts have always been regarded as practical garments, and the newest examples are no exception to the rule. The width necessary for comfort is secured by means of pleats so closely pressed as to be hardly noticeable except at close quarters.

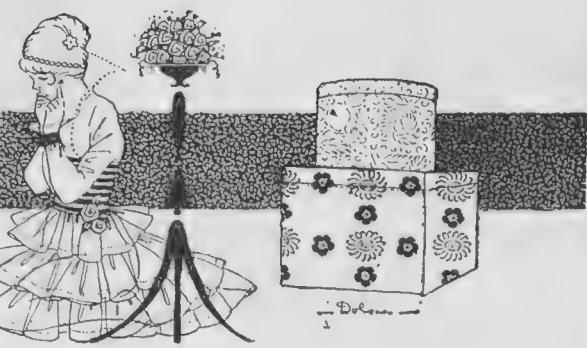
Suiting Dress to the Time. However, the problem that the modern dressmaker cannot solve has yet to be propounded. Already there are signs of the disappearance of the free stride that was one of the results of the wide skirt; and the full figure is yielding place to another of the slender, willowy type dear to the author of a penny novelette. But even fashion has to yield to all-conquering Mars. Woman



That you can have fullness without bulk is proved by this skirt, the pleats of which are as flat as a tailor's iron can make them.



If you really want to have an up-to-date suit, it must have a waistcoat, striped or checked, according to taste. Decoration is permissible—braid and beads are both effective.



Pleats for Comfort. But there are pleats and pleats. While one skirt presents battalions of box-pleats arranged in close formation to the gaze of an admiring world, another will adopt the camouflage method of inverting them so that their presence is known only to the wearer, and merely suspected by the passer-by. Others, again, overlap closely on one another, and are stretched, for greater flatness, as far as the hips. These are only two or three of the many ways of combining practicality with smartness in war-time clothes.

Waistcoat Fancies.

Coats are interesting both because of their shape and because, now that brighter weather may reasonably be expected in a few weeks' time, their creators are making an effort to introduce levity into what is really a severely serious type of gown by the introduction of all sorts of waistcoats, tucked into the fronts in much the same way as a "slip" into a man's suit. Favour for the moment is lavished chiefly on a gilet of striped or checked taffeta, and there's no denying that the device goes a long way towards improving the appearance of a suit of unrelieved blue serge, in conjunction with which it is chiefly used. As to the shape of the coats themselves, the square sac is a variety for which those who make them prophesy popularity, since they fall straight from the shoulder, and thus conform to present regulations.

Material Considerations.

One anxiety in regard to clothes of which the war has relieved women concerns materials. Like the members of a meat queue, the woman in search of a suit or gown must, more or less, take what she can get. This doesn't mean a shortage of stuff—there are still enough clothes and to spare to go round—but it does mean that whatever the manufacturer finds himself in a position to turn out is modish. Preference, so far as it exists, inclines towards fawn covert-coatings, which, besides being *chic*, are durable and have the advantage of being suitable alike to town or country wear. As to just how attractive suits of this description can look, a visit to the salons of the Wigmore Street house will soon set doubts, if any exist on the point, at rest. In regard to hats, fashion promises to be equally accommodating. Nature is not always kind in the matter of features. Her niggardliness in this respect, however, matters less when it is possible to enlist the help of wide-spreading brims to help things along. On the other hand, on the principle that it is just as well to make the most of what you have, the better-looking amongst us can feel equally fashionable in the smallest toque. It is a long time since women have been allowed such latitude of choice.

A Question of Extremities.

There have been so many rumours concerning the descent of the skirt, that it is really rather a relief to find hem that still permit one to obtain quite a respectable view of feminine ankles. However, ankles are to be free and unfettered for the present, at any rate, which means, of course, that the stocking problem will have to be closely studied. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that Debenhams have considered the matter, so that ankles can be gay as well as trim during the coming spring.



There is nothing like variety, and nothing like checks for introducing it into a coat and skirt intended for country wear.



"Not ten yoke of oxen have
the power to draw us like
a Woman's Hair."
Longfellow.

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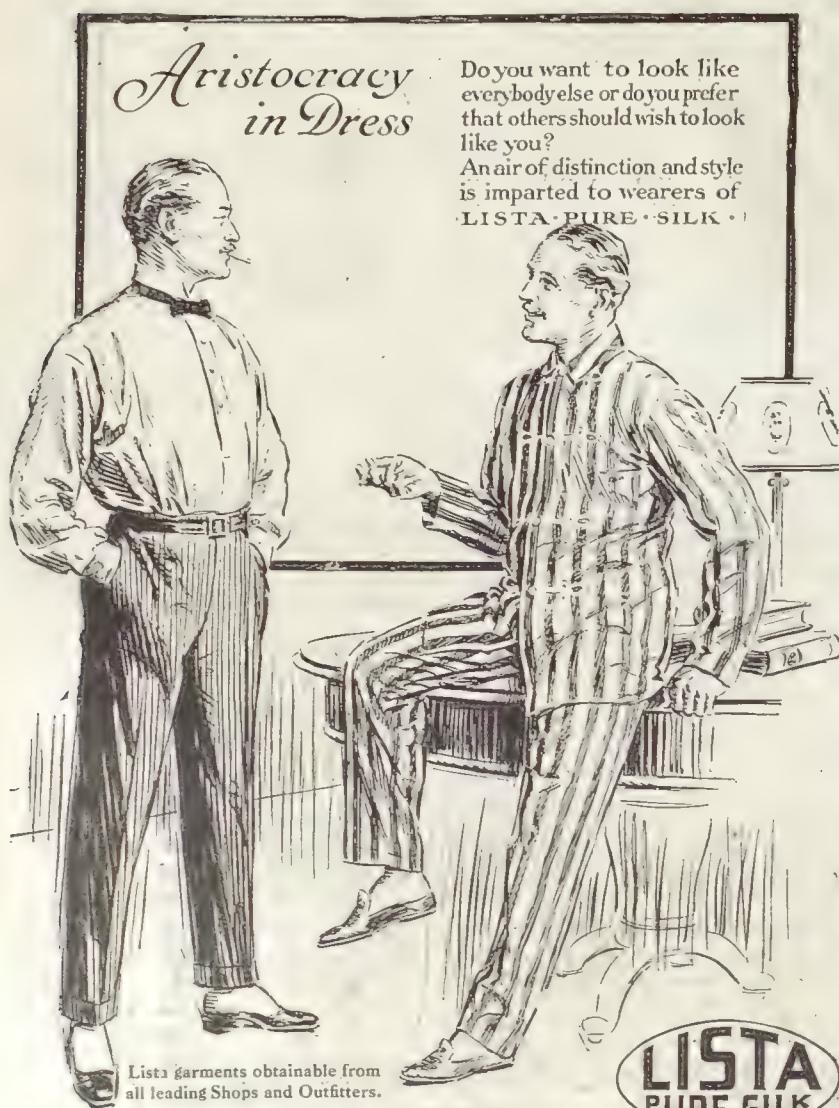
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I am delighted with your new face powder. I tried Poudre Fifine the other day at the recommendation of another actress, and it really seems to be quite an ideal powder, cooling and soothing to the skin, beautifully scented and altogether attractive.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Adrah Fair."

[MISS ADRAH FAIR.] Face Powders, as a rule, clog the pores of the skin and make it dry and wrinkly; Poudre Fifine, on the other hand, has a most beneficial effect on the skin, and gives to it that delicate natural bloom which is the hall-mark of beauty and health.

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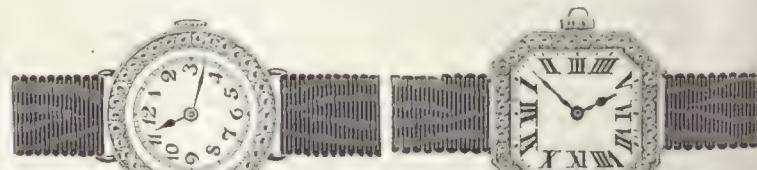
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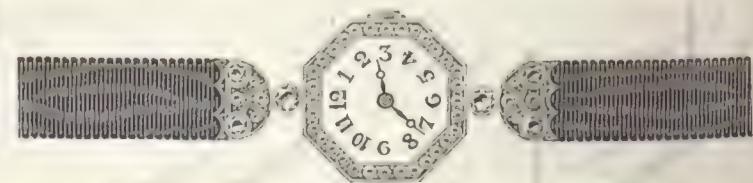
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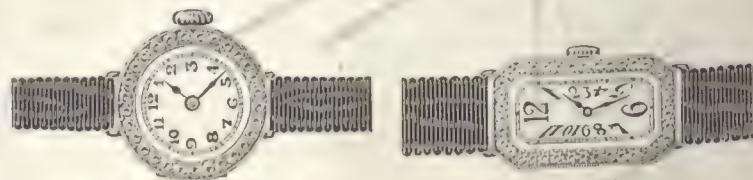
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BRITISH-AMERICAN TOBACCO

INCREASED PROFITS.

THE fifteenth annual general meeting of the British-American Tobacco Company, Ltd., was held on Jan. 24, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hood (one of the Deputy Chairmen), Mr. Duke (the Chairman) being absent.

The Chairman said: "The output of the Company's goods has largely increased during the financial year. The English factories have been principally engaged in supplies to the troops abroad, either through the War Office, the Navy and Army Canteen Board, and other organisations, or our own depôts, so much so that about eighty per cent. of our English manufactures reach the Army or the Navy. Our general trade from England has necessarily decreased to a material extent because of our supplies to the troops, but the decrease has been more than compensated for by the additional output from the American factories. Our total output is largely in excess of any previous year."

"It is only right to point out that supplies of many materials are difficult to obtain, and transport facilities are much more limited, and they must necessarily affect our opportunities. At present, we are unable to fill all our orders, and I have no reason to believe that that position will change during the present year."

"I drew your attention last year to the payments we were making to the officials and employees in this country who had joined the Colours of certain allowances to supplement their Army or Navy pay and allowances. By reason of the additional employees who have joined the Forces, now numbering in all between 2000 and 3000, these payments have naturally increased. We are glad to be able to make them, and I know that they meet with your entire approval. Since our last meeting America has joined the war on the side of the Allies. That has increased our responsibility towards our employees who are fighting for the common cause, and again we are glad to make the payments. We all hope that the intervention of America will ensure an early and victorious peace."

"The directors recommend the distribution of a final dividend (free of British income-tax) on the Ordinary shares of 6 per cent., amounting to £375,259, making 30 per cent., free of British income-tax, for the year, as compared with 30 per cent. last year, leaving £2,526,699 to be carried forward, subject to whatever amount is payable in respect of excess profits duty for the year. I need hardly say that the question of the final dividend has received our anxious consideration; and, while I do not doubt that some of you may feel some disappointment that you did not get the bonus distribution which was recommended last year, and will not get any increased dividend this year as compared with last—except so far as you are relieved from the additional income-tax, which is equal to a dividend of 2½ per cent.—yet we do not think that we would be justified in recommending a larger dividend, although, of course, the figures, if taken alone, warrant it, in view of the uncertainties of the future and of the impossibility of forecasting what the course of business may be in the present year, and what the balance-sheet which we hope to present to you this time next year will disclose. I do not think I can usefully say any more on the subject, and I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended Sept. 30, 1917, including the payment on the 31st instant of a final dividend of 6 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income-tax. As you are aware, the directors have declared for the year 1917-18 an interim dividend of 6 per cent., free of British income-tax, payable on the 31st instant, so that you will receive upon that date 12 per cent."

"With regard to the outlook, if we can secure the necessary leaf and materials and the transport to enable us to continue our manufacturing operations to the full, we may look forward when the horizon is a little clearer to the time when we shall be able to make our distributions more commensurate with the earnings of the Company. I am glad to be able to say that the output of the Company and its associated companies abroad shows an increase of 20 per cent. for the first three months (October to December) of our present financial year as compared with last. (Hear, hear.) I will now ask Mr. Hignett to second the resolution, and when that has been done, if there are any questions to be put or any comments to be made on the balance-sheet, it would be a convenient time to do so."

The Chairman: "Well, Gentlemen, are there any questions or comments?"

There being no response, the resolution, seconded by Mr. Lawrence Hignett, was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and the auditor (Sir William Plender, G.B.E.) having been reappointed, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff of the Company.

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THE WOMAN ABOVT TOWN

Communal Kitchen I want to be the first paragraphist, accompanied by a tame photographer, to put on journalistic record the first visit of the Duchess of Mayfair to the Park Lane Communal Kitchen, armed with a can for soup and a dish for *entrées*, to convey to the Duke and to the Ladies Berenice and Berengaria Belgravia the component parts of their luncheon à la Sir A. Yapp. Her Grace would, of course, look quite cheerful, and carry her can and dish with dash and dignity; possibly she would exchange confidences with the Marchioness of Pimlico about the rival merits of potato or tomato soup. The Countess of Piccadilly would, meanwhile, have secured "a cut from the joint and two veges" for three, and have left with a jaunty nod to the Duchess. I dream about this paragraph, and when Park Lane Communal Kitchen is established I must take lodgings in the vicinity in order to make it a reality.



AN ATTRACTIVE CAP AND COLLAR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

This can either be made of white fur and black velvet, or else of bright-green-and-cerise trimmed with grey squirrel.

silk georgette blouse for 29s. each. I heard of some lovely ones coming along for the spring at far from extravagant prices. There are such neat collars there, and such lovely, dainty "undies"—it is to my mind a shop of rare fascination; but then I always had a craze for the purity and loveliness of linen and lawn, and the daintiness of silk, crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and lace blouses. Walpole's are most successful specialists in all these things.

The Hoof Dainty and Slim.

Alpini in the snows thousands of feet above sea-level. I refer to the young people of the feminine persuasion with skirts very short and shins and feet very long, and clad with the thinnest of silk stockings and the most ephemeral-soled shoes. Snow or slush, temperature low or high, to these jaunty-footed damosels it is all the same. Tell it not at the W.O. and breathe it not at Devonshire House, but I have seen the fine, practical uniform of the W.A.A.C. contradicted by these daintily but insufficiently clad feet. The body and brain may be those of an A.A.C., but the feet are the feet of a W. Time was when British women took little heed how their feet looked, and in those days were plenty of carriages and cabs. Now they take too much heed to make them dainty—but when were we ever logical?

Easy Coiffures. Soft small billows, not long sea-swells, is the present order of Dame Fashion for hair-dressing. The sleek, close style obtains no longer; we have grown tired of it, and when great ladies were accused of having cut their locks short because they followed it closely, things cried out for a change. Now the busy war-workers cry out that Fashion has not considered them. Well, if she has not, Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, has. A "La Naturelle" newest waved toupet saves all trouble, and is the prettiest and most natural thing of its kind in the world. Having been all through the work-rooms of

the establishment, I know how scrupulously clean and how nimbly clever is the manipulation of the finest wavy hair used in making this wonderful toupet. Not even an expert could tell that it is not part and parcel of the hair that is in by its roots.

Alive and Dyeing.

The two hundred and seventy-five recipes for fast dyes said to have been wrested from the Huns was a one-day's wonder, and has apparently died out. The Black Knight Dyeing is, however, very much alive. It is the result, not of the mildest adventure in spying on enemy procedure, but of research, energy, enterprise, and wise use of capital. Those of us who want our stockings, sports coats, and scarves fast-dyed by British dyes and British hands should see to it that the Black Knight seal is on them.

Better Frivol Than Fret.

There are cosy chats in bedrooms these wartime nights when women discuss, with appropriate illustration, their undies. In the daintiest of déshabille they smoke a night-cap cigarette, and compete—without, you must understand, saying so—in the smartness of their chemises, nighties, and combies. Their dressing-gowns do not conceal, but embellish, these beautiful things. When a new Venn nightie has just been acquired it is worn, and conversation can easily be turned to it; the result—visits next day to 14, Conduit Street in search of something a few hours later in fashion, to be the sensation of the next séance. "Frivolous in war-time," someone will object. Better frivol than fret, say I; and women cannot always either work or weep. They must have some relief, and a cigarette and pretty undies are a better sedative and more wholesome than veronal or bromide!



A DAINTY BOUDOIR-CAP.

Very becoming in its demure smartness is this boudoir-cap of flesh-pink georgette crêpe and silver lace, with a wreath of shaded pink chiffon roses. There is a bow of blue satin ribbon, and the butterfly is of silver lace.



Robertson.

AN ORIGINAL COAT.

Good style and cosy does this coat look. It is of peacock-blue wool velour, and is trimmed with beaver. The scarf is lined with beige cloth, and the ends are embroidered in a check design of beige and peacock-blue wool.

We ought all to be walking encyclopædias in these strenuous days. And there are books which will tell us much about the chemistry which is working such miracles in our hospitals. Such a book is "Chemistry for Beginners," by Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., a new and enlarged edition of which has just been published by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox, 8, Henrietta Street, W.C. It is quite unique in its systematic, comprehensive, and lucid treatment of the subjects with which it deals.

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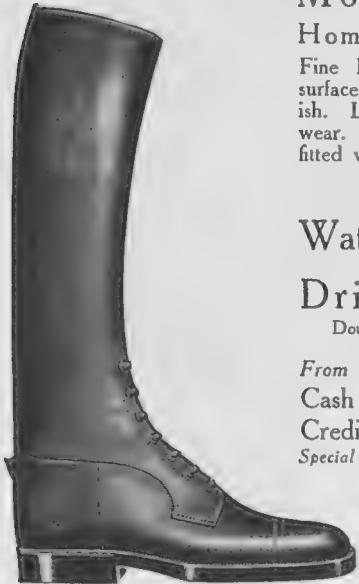
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Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

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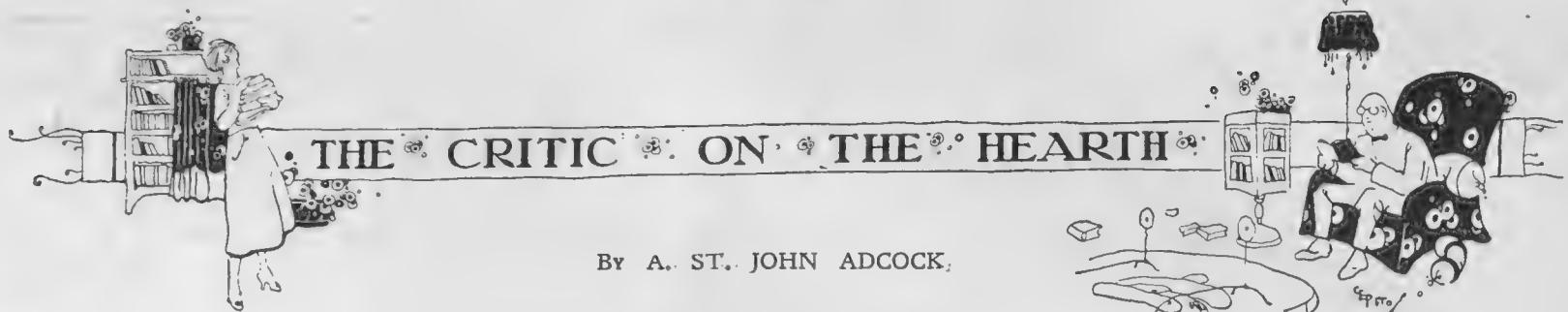


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BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK,

THE Church is having pretty hard times just now. Everybody is saying it is in a bad way, and offering it more different remedies than any one body could hope to take without fatal results. The anonymous author of "The Questions of Ignotus" says its pews are empty, and will remain so until the Church scraps its theology, its forms and ceremonies, its faith in miracles and hell, and a few more odds and ends. He thinks the clerical view of this life and the next too sombre and morbid, and remembers with deep resentment that, when he was a boy, they made him sing "I want to be an angel," whereas any boy, if he told the truth, would sooner be a pirate. This is the first verse of a hymn they used to have where he went to Sunday School—

There is a grassy bed,
A cold and gloomy cell,
In which some youthful head
Will almost surely dwell
Before another pleasant spring
The first young violet shall bring . . .

and it didn't strike him as cheerful enough. Incidentally, he says the Church has more work than it can do at home, and he objects to the waste of money and energy on Foreign Missions. There I am with him. Hardly any but the heathen are at present living in peace, like Christians, and it may occur to them to send missionaries over to us if we don't leave them alone.

As I mentioned the other day, "Rita" thinks the Church would do better if it took up spiritualism; and now Irving Cooper, in his new book, declares that "Christianity can only regain its hold upon the minds and hearts of thoughtful people, who have left the churches, by commencing to teach again its long-forgotten truth of reincarnation." And I have no doubt other thoughtful people are just as sure that the Church will never revive until the Archbishop of Canterbury undergoes a complete change and comes out as a Fire Worshipper. So far as I can see, the Church could only pacify all its critics by developing into a kind of religious Whiteley's, with a special annexe for the Agnostics.

Those rampant materialists who require scientific evidence for everything might find W. B. Yeats's "Per Amica Silentia Lunae" rather chastening. To Yeats the things they call unreal are more

he is a mystic, a visionary, and seeks the meaning of life only in the hidden sources of its outward manifestations. Is he only playing with fancies, as children do with imaginary toys, or are secret avenues of knowledge open to him that are barred against most of us? The former is at least as possible as the latter.

Both "Mr. Manley" and "The Way of the Wind" are, I think, first novels; they are distinctly enjoyable novels too. The mystery in "Mr. Manley" is so quietly handled that it evades being a sensational story, and so cunningly handled that you are always following divers piquant but false scents till the proper time comes for a gradual revelation. What you want to know, and what Maude Fielding wants to know, is why her kindly, touchy, reticent guardian, Miss Bolton, lives completely cut off from her nearest neighbours and the world at large. Maude, who is the most sensible, level-headed, and charming of heroines, concludes—and so do you—that she has been soured by a bitter love-disappointment, and various incidents seem to confirm this, and to point to one, then another, probable man in the case. In the end, however, Miss Bolton's seclusion is otherwise explained, and Maude herself has more to do with the cause of it than, for good reasons, she is ever told. If you think that supplies any clue to the mystery, you will find, when you read the tale, that it doesn't.

Maude marries a curiously attractive but dependable man who is some dozen years older than herself; but in "The Way of the Wind" this order of things is reversed. Edgar Chilworth is attractive, but, so far from being dependable, he is an erratic, weak-willed, somewhat dissipated youngster in his early twenties; and Janet Eversley is eight years his senior. She is as likeable as Maude, and as sensible, in spite of her passion for Edgar, but not so healthy. When she suffers from an occasional ailment she looks sickly, which jars on your romantic susceptibilities, and frets you with an uneasy feeling that it may put Edgar off if she isn't careful. But the author uses this weakness so deftly and is so skilful in making the passion of these two grow naturally out of character and circumstance that it really is, as the publishers say on the wrapper, "a charming love-story."

I am a little tired of the ordinary book of the war-correspondent; probably it repeats too much of what we have read in the papers; but Basil Clarke's "My Round of the War" is not at all like that. He has put into this volume what the war correspondent does not include in his reports because it is too personal. The narrative of how he contrived to make his way up to the fighting line without a permit, in those early days when correspondents were not allowed to go there, is immensely interesting. That's a great story, too, of the masterful Manchester journalist he met there, who, serving as a corporal in the Belgian Army, had a habit of going with a Lieutenant and a couple of others in an armoured-car to hunt and shoot stray German patrols. There are, too, realistic battle-pictures, and poignant stories of civilian life within range of the guns, strung on the many-coloured thread of Basil Clarke's own stirring experiences and adventures.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Questions of Ignotus.* (Chapman and Hall.)
- Re-Incarnation ; The Hope of the World.* By Irving S. Cooper. (Theosophical Publishing House.)
- Per Amica Silentia Lunae.* By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan.)
- Mr. Manley.* By G. I. Whitham. (John Lane.)
- The Way of the Wind.* By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. (Constable.)
- My Round of the War.* By Basil Clarke. (Heinemann.)
- The Chartist Movement.* By the late Mark Hovell. Edited and completed with Memoir by Professor T. F. Tout. (Longmans.)
- The Painted Scene : Stories of Theatrical Life.* By H. K. Webster. (Constable.)



PRESIDENT WILSON'S SECOND DAUGHTER, MRS. SAYRE, WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bowes Sayre, and their children, Francis B. (junior), and Eleanor, have been spending the Christmas holiday-time at the White House, where this interesting photograph was taken.—[Photograph supplied by Topical.]

real than are any of their realities. He believes easily in spiritualism, mediums, sorcery, and magic, and writes of the world of dreams and spirits not as if it were far off and difficult to reach, but as if it were the very world in which he lives familiarly—and writes of it with a grace and charm of style that would win you to be glad he held such beliefs even if you held none of them yourself. Like Blake,



ANIROQUOIS CHIEF IN THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS: LIEUTENANT J. R. STACEY.

Lieutenant Stacey, who is training in this country for a pilot in the R.F.C., is a Chief of the Iroquois Red Indians, and his native name is Sawatis Tawanaladah.

Photograph by Swaine.

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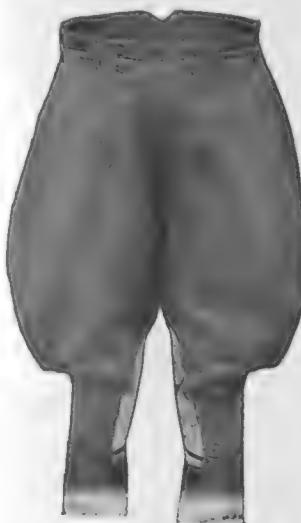
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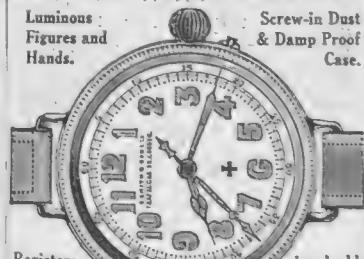


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Experiences of Coal-Gas.

Up to the present the users of coal-gas as a substitute for petrol may be described as appreciable rather than formidable in number. Hence, an individual responsibility rests upon each to respond to the request which has been issued by the Society of Motor Manufacturers for the production of evidence of a practical kind. A Gas Traction Committee having been appointed to consider the present situation, the Society has been asked to give evidence before it. Any owner, therefore, of a private car, delivery-van, or other vehicle propelled by coal-gas can perform a useful service by detailing his experiences to the Society at 83, Pall Mall, S.W. Presumably, what is required is a personal testimony to the efficacy or otherwise of this form of fuel in internal-combustion motors, the average mileage attained on a vehicle of a given weight and power, and the extent to which the use of gas as a substitute for petrol may be regarded as providing a temporary measure of relief.

Fuel Alcohol and Temperance.

Distinctly curious is the comment of an Australian journal on the subject of alcohol for fuel purposes. The use of alcohol for fuel purposes, it opines, is hardly likely to be encouraged "in the interests of temperance." But the journal in question has evidently not studied the subject very deeply, as it is evidently unaware of the fact that all researches in the field of alcohol fuel have been dominated by the desire to discover some form of denaturant which shall render the fuel impossible for the purposes of a beverage. Without this proviso, it is obvious that the Excise authorities of every country concerned would be up in arms against the new fuel, and that would, *ipso facto*, prevent its employment on motor or any vehicles. Before alcohol can have any chance in this direction the Excise restrictions must be removed, or the cost would be prohibitive. So far, it has not been found impracticable to provide a denaturant which would prevent any white man from drinking fuel alcohol, but the case is somewhat different where the native is concerned.

Axle-Grease as a Sweetmeat.

The lengths to which he will go in the direction of either drinking or eating what would be ultra-nauseous to the white man are almost incredible. As an illustration to the point, it may be mentioned that on a certain South African railway system considerable trouble was experienced through frequent and mysterious over-heating of axles. A special investigation was ordered to be made, and in the end it was discovered that the wily natives were wont to steal the yellow grease from the axle-boxes and eat it! So far as concerns alcohol fuel, the native is a somewhat important factor in the case, because

it is now believed that alcohol can only be produced cheaply enough for the purpose in colonial or tropical regions, and that it would not pay the British farmer, for example, to grow potatoes for aught but food. However, hope has not yet been given up of discovering a denaturant too drastic even for the native palate, but meanwhile it is absurd, to say the least, to discourage alcohol fuel in the interests of temperance, inasmuch as it is never likely to be sanctioned in a drinkable condition.

Knowing Too Much.

Some wiseacre lately reported in the Press that a couple of flying officers had made a forced landing in a field, and, before leaving their damaged machine, turned on the tap of the petrol-tank and allowed seventy gallons of good spirit to run to waste. It was curious, to say the least, that the aggrieved eye-witness of the alleged incident should have been able to determine the amount of the spilled fuel with such exactitude. As a matter of fact, however, it was not petrol at all that was thus unloaded. Being obliged to leave their machine where it lay, pending its recovery by a tender, the pilots naturally took steps to ensure a minimum of damage, and, as any motorist would have done if he had to abandon his car on the road in winter, they very properly emptied the water out of the radiator. One does not know whether to be amused or angry at the

THE MOTOR-CAR AT JERUSALEM: GENERAL ALLENBY DRIVING OUT

OF THE CITY BY THE JAFFA GATE. [Official Photograph.]

way in which stories of this kind get about—in wholesale fashion by word of mouth, and occasionally in print. The amount of virtuous indignation that has been expended on the apocryphal waste of petrol is ludicrously pathetic, and all because the astute eye-witness who spread the tale did not know a radiator when he saw it, or

the difference between petrol and water. The incident carries one back to the early days of motoring, when a friend of mine one day was replenishing his radiator tank on the road. A farmer standing by wagged his head, and then sapiently observed, "If I hadn't known different, I should have said that was water!"

A Fiery Descent.

Almost the only thing a pilot has to dread nowadays in the way of fortuitous happenings over which he has no control is the possibility of a back-fire from his engine. When that happens, and the carburettor flares up, the pilot can do nothing



READY TO FLY OVER THE ENEMY LINES: A BRITISH SCOUTING SQUADRON.

Official Photograph.

but hope to reach the ground before the flame has set fire to the fuselage. In a recent case the machine—a two-seater—was 6000 feet up. The pilot "banked over" on the side opposite to the carburettor, and came down rapidly with the flames burning outwards; but, naturally, he had to straighten up as he neared the ground, and had to land while enveloped in fire. However, he saved the observer's life, and is himself recovering from his burns.



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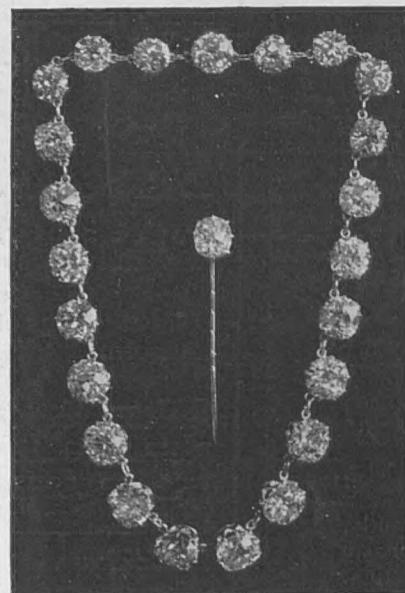
To do anything approaching justice to the work of the British Red Cross Society it is necessary to think in millions, for its activities are so many and so varied that they account for an expenditure which might seem incredible if its work were not so palpable and so valuable that no one interested in beneficent effort can escape it. For that reason, too, its friends are innumerable, and they are not merely passive sympathisers, but active helpers in the good work. One of the most successful efforts of the great Society has been the institution of sales, at Christie's, of jewels, gold in beautiful forms, pictures, china, art treasures generally, and fine old silver, such as are held as treasures by their owners, but, very often, rarely seen. It is these hidden, and therefore practically useless, treasures which are asked for, and not in vain, on behalf of the Red Cross Sale at Christie's, by which thousands of pounds, it is hoped, will be once more added to the funds of the Red Cross Society.



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speak for themselves. Of the miniature, it may be recalled that it is by an artist who came to England in the time of George II., was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds—whose influence can be traced in the miniature—and who was appointed miniature-painter to George III. in 1790.

It is not surprising that the response to such a cause as that in whose behalf this sale is to be held is great, when even its figures are considered. Imagine all that is meant by a Society which, besides many other works, has sent abroad 2500 motor ambulances, cars, and so on; which has spent £1,100,000 for the purchase and upkeep of motors; and has four hospital trains running in France, which represent over £60,000 to build and run. The hospital-ship *Nabha*, in Mesopotamia, and sixty-five motor-launches in that and other parts of the war area, is another item; and, to come nearer home, £44,000 has been spent on the equipment of King George's Hospital, and £26,000 a year is contributed towards the cost of its maintenance; while

Netley Red Cross Hospital represents an initial outlay of £45,000, and £125,000 spent on maintenance. To sum it all up in concrete form, Red Cross work costs about £5 a minute!

An important feature of these sales for the Red Cross at Christie's is that they are not merely transforming hidden treasures into active means of supporting one of the most beneficent organisations the world has ever seen, but that the offerings themselves are realising quite abnormally large prices; while, on the other hand, they represent contributions in kind rather than in money so far as the donors are concerned. The sales idea is one of the greatest practical value from every point of view, and of the most successful.



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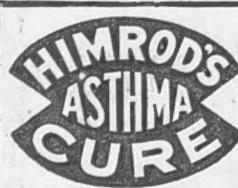
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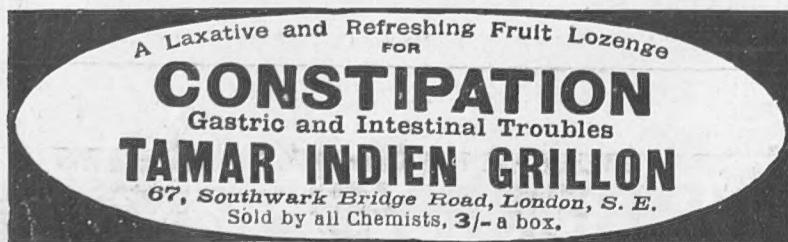
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE St. James's Theatre must have been rather surprised when asked to welcome "Valentine," a "new romantic comic opera," for I do not think the memory of living dramatic critic runs to the time when a work of this kind was presented at the theatre so long associated with Sir George Alexander. And why "comedy opera"?—a description obviously bad as grammar, of a piece in style belonging exactly to the comic opera of my early youth. Indeed, it might be co-eval, save for one bit of rag-time, with "Mademoiselle de Maupin," which the plot of the new piece called to my mind from time to time; let me hasten to add there is nothing in "Valentine" that would cause even a police magistrate to blush, which is more than could be said of Gauthier's masterpiece. Valentine was a princess brought up as a boy for reasons of State, and married to a passionate Amazon queen; hence all sorts of troubles, complicated by the fact that "Val" was in love, unwittingly, with a gallant French gentleman. The authors, Messrs. Arthur Davenport and Charles Wybrow ("with acknowledgment to Arthur Sturgess") stick loyally to their story, and the only "incidental" is a ballet in the last scene, prettily arranged by M. Michael Michell, and neatly danced by ladies who cannot be identified from the programme. Unfortunately, the authors joke with great difficulty, and even such a resourceful person as Mr. Walter Passmore was hard put to it to earn his laughter; how neatly he sings and dances! What

a happy idea it would be to revive "Merrie England," with its rousing music and patriotic note! Mr. Walter Passmore set me thinking of it and his clever performance at the Savoy. The music of Mr. Napoleon Lambelet is occasionally ambitious; but, as a rule, merely tuneful; and there was an entr'acte number used twice, that drove me almost frantic.

Still, many of his numbers are tuneful enough to charm the house; and Mr. Hayden Coffin won hearty applause by his rendering of them. Valentine was represented by Miss Marjorie Gordon with rather agreeable, somewhat pathetic, charm. The play has been lavishly mounted, and obviously means to stay: the audience seemed delighted by it.



WIFE AND SON OF THE DONOR OF DRYBURGH ABBEY:
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Lord Glenconner has just given the historic Dryburgh Abbey, where Sir Walter Scott is buried, to the nation. Lady Glenconner is seen in our photograph with her youngest son, the Hon. Stephen James Napier Tennant, who was born in 1906.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

An exhibition is shortly to be opened at Harrods, Ltd., by the courtesy of Sir Woodman Burbidge, demonstrating the organisation and work of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, the Women's Royal Naval Service, and women's work in the Royal Flying Corps. It will include a very interesting collection of photographs dealing with all phases of life in connection with these services, and special camera portraits of the Directors, Controllers, and Administrators of the three forces, giving a very valuable insight into the work women are doing for the war. The uniforms of the services will be exhibited, and there will be show-cases of badges, rank-marks, etc. In connection with the exhibition, daily addresses will be given by women speakers outlining the work of these branches of war service, both from the technical and domestic sides of the work women are doing for their country.

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